Week ending April 19 1947

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WHY THIS GREAT MILITARY BURDEN?

by Captain Liddell Hart SEE PAGE 5

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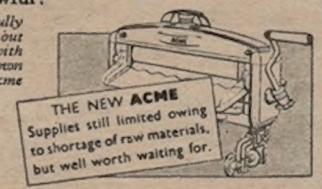

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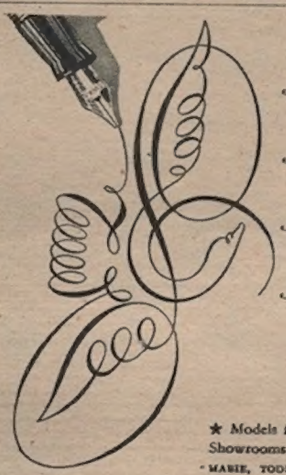

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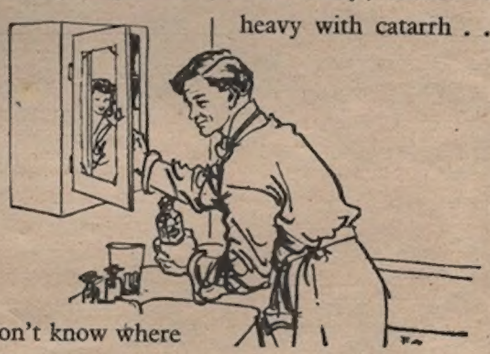

Don't know where I'd be without a MILTON spray!"

JOHN BULL
EDITORIAL
186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468
Telegrams: Heroically, Westcent, London
APRIL 19, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2129

Housing: Stop the Leakages

EVENTS SHOW THAT Aneurin Bevan was wise to make his 1947 housing programme subject to adequate supplies of fuel, materials and labour.

Within a few days of the announcement of his programme, the fuel crisis was hitting his plans about. Housing returns for February recorded some of the losses caused by the crisis and the bad weather. New houses completed fell by half; production of many housing materials slumped steeply.

Further losses occurred in March. Others may follow, and when the final tally is reached there will obviously be a lot of leeway to make up.

These losses can, however, be made good—if there are no more crises; if all concerned with home building make an extra effort during the fine weather; and if there are no bottlenecks in the supply of materials.

It is the last which is now the greatest danger. Timber may easily be the pivotal point of success or failure in reaching the target of another 300,000 new homes in 1947.

Most of our softwoods come from Europe and America. Other countries are just as short as we are; and producing countries are naturally meeting their own urgent needs first.

Last year we managed to buy less than one-third of our prewar average purchases. Some of our biggest prewar suppliers gave us nothing or virtually nothing.

There is little hope of early improvement. Timber is now one of our most precious materials. Yet some people want the present licensing system dropped so that they can buy timber for all kinds of extravagant and wasteful uses.

If there is a change, it should be to tighten up the restrictions and not relax them. Four tons of timber are needed for the average house. Every ton wasted holds up the building programme.

And if the rehousing of Britain—which is vital—is not to fall behind, every leakage of men and materials needed for the task must be stopped.

Coal Targets

MR. SHINWELL wants the homes of Britain to save him two and a half million tons of coal this summer towards next winter's need.

We are about to hear from him what is the Government's plan to make sure that this saving is a reality and not a pious hope.

It will have to be a very clever plan, because, in effect, it has to achieve the results of rationing without imposing rationing!

Mr. Shinwell himself has made out a very strong case for believing that domestic fuel rationing is impossible. To begin with, no two households are alike in their needs, and very few in their equipment.

Some households are all-electric, some all-gas, more are mixed, and yet others depend mainly on solid fuel or liquid fuel. Some can be rationed from the power-house switch; others cannot be rationed by anyone short of a resident inspector.

The Government has already discarded four possible rationing systems. The first was based on a proportion of the previous year's electricity and gas. That favoured wasteful people. The second was based on size of household. That would ignore special needs and demand a vast inspectorate.

Number three was a combination of numbers one and two. It certainly combined their drawbacks: could it combine their virtues?

The fourth system which was discussed was to step up, by a graduated tax, the cost of fuel the more people used. But a big poor family would then be hit harder than a small rich one.

If there are any better ideas for fuel rationing Mr. Shinwell will no doubt be glad to hear of them.

But in view of all the difficulties and the bad effect on morale, he will be well advised to set rather less store on restricting our home consumption, and put more emphasis on *getting more coal.*

The fact that there is a difference of 20,000,000 tons between the Government's coal target and that named by the T.U.C. suggests that still more can be done by applying all our available brains and effort to production.

Dig for Prosperity

SHORTAGE OF VEGETABLES this spring, profiteering in them, and the Food Ministry's admitted inability to do anything about it, all point the same moral for sensible citizens with gardens and allotments.

In the war we used to dig for victory—now we shall have to dig again for prosperity.

The best way to beat the profiteer is not to pay his price. To do that without losing healthy food we all need, there is only one way—grow it yourself.

Many of the local "food guilds" and other gardeners' organizations have been disbanded. They should be started again, to get people digging productively in their spare time.

Many a wartime vegetable plot has gone to waste, or been put back to grass and flowers. It ought to bear peas and carrots and cabbages again this summer.

Now is the time to start!

Life on the Roads

CONGRATULATIONS to the West London Borough of Willesden on a good idea!

Motorists there who drive "courteously and carefully" are to get certificates of merit.

For the first time there is to be an incentive to increase road safety, instead of some new kind of restriction.

Why should not this idea be adopted nationally, and extended to cyclists and pedestrians, too? Fewer don'ts and more do's, fewer punishments and more rewards.

It works in other ways; it will work to save lives while we are reorganizing our overcrowded and out-of-date roads.

Instead of "Keep Death off the Roads" let the slogan be "Keep Life on the Roads"!

"Give me the brush with a name to its handle"

Harris..the paint brush with a name to its handle

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High- or Semi-Gloss Stain, dries quickly.

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The really reliable Gloss Paint.

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IF YOU TAKE out a present-day "Heritage Endowment" Policy for £2,000 there will be available

FOR YOURSELF
If you live 20 years
£2,000 with Bonuses added.

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Should you die within 20 years,
£200 CASH at death together with Bonuses.
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I desire full particulars of your "Heritage Endowment" Policy.

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Address _____

JB 19/4/47. P.P.522

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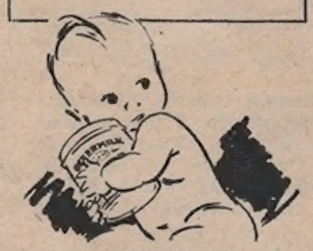

All the way from birth to weaning, babies who cannot be breast-fed are certainly entitled to Ostermilk—No. 1 (humanized) for the first 3 or 4 months and, after that, No. 2 (full-cream). Ostermilk is baby's own special food. Both Ostermilk No. 1 and No. 2 contain added measured amounts of iron and vitamin D—to help build sturdy limbs and sound teeth.

2/6d. per 16 oz. tin.

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RESERVE IT FOR THE BABIES

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Why this great military burden?

by CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

"Overseas commitments?" Does that explanation hold water? asks Capt. Liddell Hart

Factories are short of men: yet the British Army is to be four times its 1939 size. Why? A leading military expert calls for official frankness, and a new approach to manpower

THE GOVERNMENT IS BUDGETING for 1,730,000 men in the Forces. Exclude 317,000 Colonial, Indian, and Polish troops who are included in the estimates and for whom we have to pay. That leaves 1,413,000 British withdrawn from industry for service with the Crown.

This figure is the more startling in view of the fact that the U.S.A., with *three times* the population of Britain, has fixed its total at 1,640,000. By America's standard, our forces should be not more than half a million men. That was actually their scale in 1939, when war was obviously imminent.

Do the British people realize what a back-breaking burden they are now being asked to carry?

The number of men for whom the Royal Navy is budgeting amounts to 190,000. That is not a very great increase on the 1939 figure of 145,000—especially in view of Britain's basic dependence on the sea.

Yet the question arises whether such a scale is required in view of the extinction of all the three navies that were a threat to us in 1939—the Japanese, the German, and the Italian.

The new R.A.F. Estimates budget for 370,000 men compared with approximately 120,000 in 1939. That increased ratio appears reasonable in relation to the importance of air power in the last war.

But an air force, unlike an army, can contribute little to the peacetime problem of maintaining order, or to the problem of checking any dangerous infiltration across the frontiers. For war, great bombing forces—which formed the largest and costliest part of air power in the last war—have been made obsolescent by the atomic bomb. This is so clearly more decisive.

If another war should come, it is possible that the atomic bomb may not be used, from a restraining fear of mutual annihilation. But in that case it is unlikely that ordinary bombing would be unleashed—lest confusion as to what exactly was being dropped from the sky should act as the spark to touch off the dreaded atomic explosion. A realization of the new situation produced by atomic power should enable considerable savings in the resources devoted to airpower.

The new Army Estimates budget for a total of 1,170,000 men, of whom more than 850,000 are British—compared with 185,000 in 1939. A further 47,000 British troops were then serving in India.

Hides the Facts

The British Army will thus be roughly four times as large in 1947 as it was in 1939. That is an immense difference. Neither the volume containing the Army Estimates nor the War Minister's memorandum accompanying them is of much help in explaining it.

The volume conceals the relevant facts, and the distribution of the Army, in a way that the prewar volumes never did, even when war was at hand. Up to 1939 the exact number of men and fighting units in every area was stated, so that any alert Member of Parliament could gauge the distribution of the Army and the proportion between combatant and non-combatant personnel.

Now only the broadest figures are given. Such vagueness is of doubtful value in hiding the situation from unfriendly foreign powers. Their agents in the various areas can easily get a rough idea of the number of units in each area, and thus estimate the number of men. But the figures are effectively hidden from the British public—which has to pay the bill.

Perhaps that is the real reason for this new practice of peacetime secretiveness that the Government has sanctioned, with the acquiescence of Parliament!

In checking demands for manpower, and the way that resources are laid out, it is not a sufficient safeguard to rely on the ministerial heads of the Service departments. In the past, few of these have really probed the matters they were supposed to be conducting, and fewer still had the knowledge to do so.

It was commonly remarked of the War Ministers in the two earlier Labour Governments, of 1924 and 1929, that they were merely "rubber stamps." While their acquiescence delighted officials, even the latter were sometimes shocked at how little they understood what they were nominally deciding.

The Spur of Criticism

Most of the Conservative Ministers, who occupied the War Office for a longer duration, were little more effective in performance, despite being more familiar with the ways of the Army. In the whole period between the first and second World Wars, the only Secretary of State who exercised a real grip, and achieved important progress, was Mr. Hore-Belisha. As a natural result, his activity was increasingly resented—despite all he did to improve service conditions, for both officers and men, as well as the efficiency of the Army.

Reducing an army to normal after a great war is a more unenviable and thankless task than trying to get it ready for war. By general agreement the present trio of Ministers is much the best that has represented the Labour Party in the War Office. But they have such difficulties to overcome that they can hardly succeed without the spur and support of enlightened Parliamentary criticism—which, in turn, can hardly be forthcoming while most of the facts are kept dark.

To depend on the generals to show how much the Army can be reduced is asking too much of human nature. Ardent soldiers would not be true to their calling if they did not believe that the largest possible army is the best possible insurance for the country's security—they are not economists, or pacifists.

At the same time they are naturally conscious that the larger the Army the larger will be the numbers of high-grade appointments, thus increasing the prospects of promotion. Moreover, soldiers have had only too much experience to show that, unless they pitch their claims high, they are likely to be granted less than the workable minimum.

There is another flaw in being too dependent on their opinion. While they have the facts at their disposal, they are not usually versed in objective examination of the facts. Their training does not run on such lines. When transplanted from the field into the complexities of the War Office they are often themselves befogged.

A generation back, Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, addressing the Staff College, remarked: "Why have we six divisions? Nobody knows and nobody cares." In that whimsical way he epitomized the startling truth that the scale of the Army had not been fixed on any principle or basis of calculation.

Subsequent exploration of the subject, shortly before the second war with Germany, confirmed

"ROYAL NAVY's 1947 budget is 190,000 men. . . . Is such a scale required today?"

"ARMY: 1,170,000 men—four times 1939 size. . . . How is it being distributed?"

"R.A.F.: 370,000 men. . . . Yet air forces can do little to keep order in peacetime"

this verdict. It appeared that when, ten years before the first war with Germany, we had created a General Staff and organized an expeditionary force, this had been composed of six divisions for the simple reason that this was the nearest figure into which the units then available could be divided!

Knowledge of the amazingly vague way in which the scale of requirements has been fixed in the past should make us chary of assuming that current assessments can be accepted without question. They may be justified, but need to be supported by clear reasoning—and none has been given to Parliament. The British people have a right to expect that their Parliamentary representatives should be more than a collective rubber stamp on the Estimates.

Before the war our military insurance policy was certainly inadequate. That became clear not only in subsequent events but in earlier examination. I had occasion ten years ago, in some research work for the War Minister, to survey the problem of defending our overseas territories. It was manifest that the scale of the garrisons had not been proportionately adjusted to the increase of those territories in the previous half century, and the growth of the forces that could threaten them.

Convinced that war was imminent, it seemed to me that neither the Cabinet nor the General Staff had an adequate realization of the risks and of the urgency of developing our defences. But an addition of 50,000 men with an accompanying provision of modern equipment would have made the insurance quite good, while an addition of 100,000 would have changed the whole overseas situation in our favour. The 1947-48 scale of the Army, however, represents an increase of 650,000 men on that of 1937-38.

"Commitments" is the Cry

The only argument voiced for this fourfold increase on the prewar scale is that our present "commitments" as guardian of the peace require it, and that we cannot fulfil them with less.

That broad statement about "commitments" has an impressive vagueness. When related to the 1947-48 scale of the forces, it would imply that there has been a great increase since the war either in the territories we occupy or in the dangers to which they are exposed. What are the facts?

In the Far East there has been no increase of territory, and the main danger that threatened us has disappeared with the defeat of Japan. We have no real share in the occupation of Japan—and are represented by merely a token force. In contrast to the situation before the war, the U.S.A. has taken over responsibility for security in the Far East.

We have given up the attempt to maintain possession of India, and are in process of moving out.

In the Middle East there is no increase of territory, and although we have trouble on our hands in Palestine that is nothing fresh. The way it continues despite an increase in our garrison from 5,000 to 100,000 in ten years suggests that multiplying the quantity of troops is not an effective solution to an internal problem of this kind.

In Africa, our responsibilities have been somewhat increased by the occupation of the Italian colonies. But only a few thousand men are required to maintain order in these sparsely populated areas.

That additional burden is light compared to the prewar dangers of which we have been relieved by Fascist Italy's defeat. For she had then over 400,000 troops in Libya and Italian East Africa—threatening our frontiers.

We are also being relieved of the burden of maintaining order in Egypt.

When we reckon up the balance-sheet, it becomes difficult to account for the vastly increased garrisons that are being maintained outside Europe. In 1938-39 they amounted to 95,000, of whom 55,000 were in India. The Army Estimates for 1947-48 show them as nearly 300,000, exclusive of Indian and Colonial troops—although the most pressing dangers have disappeared. The comparison is very puzzling.

The British forces in Europe, including this country, are shown as approximately 570,000. In 1938-39 they were 120,000. There is no official indication of how the present forces are distributed, but reports suggest that we have about a quarter of a million men still in Germany, Austria and Italy. Only a small fraction of these are operational, most of them being scattered around in driblets as rather superfluous "bailiffs."

We have a small force at Trieste, and a few thousand men remain in Greece. Then there are our usual garrisons in Malta and Gibraltar, which together amounted to about 7,000 men before the war; here, again, any close menace has disappeared.

300,000 Men: What Do They Do?

That leaves about 300,000 men unaccounted for—and they are presumably serving in this country. It appears an extraordinarily high total, especially as the War Minister's memorandum states that "all active formations are at present located overseas." Before the war we had six active divisions stationed in this country, to form the Expeditionary Force, yet the total number of troops at home was barely 100,000—so that the proportion who were not potentially operational was very small.

The absence of any operational formations at home and the scarcity of them overseas makes the swollen size of the Army appear all the more puzzling.

The only detailed figures that the Army Estimates disclose are of the staff employed in the War Office. It totals 12,000 compared with 3,000 before the war. Here we may find a particular clue to the general puzzle of where the mass of manpower goes. It is a pointer to the way in which staffs tend to multiply themselves, like all bureaucracies.

Add to the War Office staff those of all the lesser headquarters, likewise self-multiplying, and one gets a glimpse of the total subtraction from the Army's effective strength. Besides this growth of "top-hamper" there has been a still vaster growth of "bottom-hamper," in the way of men absorbed in non-essential duties.

The effects of this wartime legacy persist in the postwar Army. The continuance of conscription has tended to perpetuate them, by providing an extra flow of manpower that diminishes the incentive to a searching study of the problem of economy of force in our military organization.

The Minister of Defence has estimated that the total of our forces will be reduced to 1,087,000 in a year's time. But that aspiration has to be qualified by recalling the Government's earlier estimate that the forces would be down to 1,160,000 by the end of 1946, whereas when the time came they still amounted to 1,427,000.

Replan—to Economize

In view of the economic crisis that now threatens the country, a new effort is required to speed up the rate of demobilization. But that is not enough. We must reconsider the intended scale of the Forces, and replan their organization on an improved man-saving pattern. Even if the Government's estimate is fulfilled a year hence, the Army alone will still be more than three times as big as it was before the war.

After our previous wars, the prime consideration in bringing the Forces back to a peacetime basis has been to reduce expense. Saving money is now less important than saving manpower for the benefit of industry.

There is urgent need of inquiry into the possibilities of a more truly economic layout of our forces. But it will be in vain if the matter is left to those who are fettered by old-established customs of military organization.

In a further article for JOHN BULL, *Captain Liddell Hart will give his plan for a "more truly economic layout" of Britain's armed forces.*

THE FUTURE FOR TOMORROW'S Queen

by HUBERT COLE

Princess Elizabeth's twenty-first birthday next week focuses attention on the Empire's future sovereign. A lifetime of limited powers but heavy responsibilities faces her

ON APRIL 21, her twenty-first birthday, Princess Elizabeth is due to broadcast to the Empire. The broadcast will have special significance as the first official introduction to her people of the woman who will one day presumably rule over them.

The "presumably" is not due to any doubt in the public mind, but to a legal quibble that no daughter of the King can ever become the Heir Apparent. The law recognizes no age at which a brother might not be born to replace her at the head of the line of succession—so she remains only the Heir Presumptive.

As she looks forward to the time when she will come to the throne, what sort of prospect does she see? What is the tradition she inherits? What is the job she faces?

Three and a half centuries ago, the first Elizabeth said: "To be a king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see than it is pleasant to them that bear it." And the pleasure has certainly not increased with time. To be sure, there are all sorts of odd privileges and archaic rights that go with the Crown.

The future Queen Elizabeth will own all the foreshores of Great Britain—the land between high and low water mark. She must allow her subjects to use them for navigation and fishing, but need not make them available for recreation or idle sport; which should give a rare zest of illegality to leap-frog and stump-cricket on the sands.

She will own, too, any land that is washed up or left uncovered by the sea; and the sea-bed itself as far out as territorial limits. She may claim all mines of gold and silver, and has the right to search for all petroleum in its natural state lying in the ground. Unclaimed wrecks and treasure trove will be hers; and certain portions of whales caught around the coasts.

The head of the whale belongs to the King and the tail to the Queen; the medieval theory being that the Queen could make her corsets out of the tail-bones. The idea was courtly but anatomically unsound—the whalebone for corsets comes from the head of the beast. But Elizabeth, as Queen in her own right, will presumably claim the more useful front bit, leaving the tail for her Consort.

She may, if she cares, treat sufferers from scrofula, "the King's Evil." The disease gets its name not from the fact that kings in particular suffered from it, but because their touch was believed to cure it.

Charles II, in nineteen years, "touched" 92,798 scrofulous persons. Cromwell had tried his hand at it, too, but with no recorded success. William III refused to perform and grumpily referred applicants to the exiled James II, who was carrying on the tradition in France. Anne was the last of our sovereigns to carry out the ceremony; one of her patients, at the age of two and a half, was the future Dr. Samuel Johnson.

More gravely, Elizabeth as Queen might sell all our warships and planes, disband the entire Navy, Army and Air Force, or sack all officers. (Though, if she wanted another Army, she could engage no more than 100,000 men.) She might dismiss the entire Civil Service and all judges, close all post offices, pardon all criminals and empty the jails, make every person in the country a peer of the realm. And all this without consulting Parliament or breaking the law.

Finally, by sending to the House of Lords the message *"la reine s'avisera"* instead of *"le roy le veult,"* she might veto every Bill that Parliament put before her.

Theory—and Practice

It is an imposing and even frightening list of privileges and powers. Queen Victoria, on reading Bagehot's account of them, exclaimed: "Oh, what a wicked story! Surely my people do not realize all the terrible things I could do?" Most of them, indeed, do not. But that is of little account, since no king could exercise these powers of his own will and remain on the throne. Though his action would be theoretically legal, it would be unconstitutional; and Parliament has more than once got rid of unconstitutional kings.

Why, then, a king at all?

Our Royal Family trace back their ancestry through more than a thousand years to Egbert, King of Wessex, who died in 839. Only once during that time have we been without a king—during the bleak days of Cromwell. But there have been times when the king was hunted, chased out of the country, and even beheaded. Even less than a century ago there was a wave of Republicanism in England.

In September, 1870, a crowd gathered in Trafalgar Square, sang the *Marseillaise* and hoisted the red cap of republicanism. Led by Sir Charles Dilke, the son of a court official (Victoria had fondled him as a small boy—"I suppose I stroked his hair the wrong way," she remarked with unusual humour), a section of the people clamoured for the abdication of the Queen and the substitution of John Bright as first President of the Republic of England.

Joseph Chamberlain said: "I do not feel any great horror at the idea of the possible establishment of a republic in our own country. I am quite certain that sooner or later it will come."

But there was no great popular support, John Bright declined the suggested honour, and the movement faded. It received its death blow when the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) fell dangerously ill and everybody found that they were wishing him well again. There was a similar undercurrent during the early days of the Labour Party. New M.P.s observing George V at the Opening of Parliament were heard to say: "He's a nice chap. It's a pity he's got to go."

But somebody must wield the ultimate power in the state. And who is that somebody to be? The party in power? That road leads to Nazidom. An elected president? Look abroad and see how many presidents trim their sails to the party winds, working, not for the ultimate good of the people, but for the immediate results of the next elections.

The British choice, based on the distilled experience and compromise of the past, is the Crown, worn by a man or woman who has been trained for the post from birth; with no desire for personal advancement, because none exists; above the law, yet with fewer real rights than the lowliest subject.

Kingship and Policy

In a country of universal franchise, the King alone is not allowed to attend debates in the House of Commons, nor to vote at elections. There *was* a time when he did his best to influence them. George III, who hated Keppel, the Whig candidate, toured the shops of Windsor during the General Elections of 1780, shouting in the grocer's: "The queen wants a chest of tea. No Keppel!" Or, in the draper's: "The queen wants a new gown. No Keppel!"

The King, in theory, chooses his Ministers, but in fact accepts those put forward by the party in power. As Chief of the Executive, he is the servant of these Servants of the Crown. Yet he preserves the right to be consulted and the right to warn a government that appears to be exceeding its mandate.

There may be occasions when the King must defend the people against the government. Minority governments must be warned against pushing through legislation for which they have had no public authority. Particularly in foreign affairs, where situations may arise which cannot have been envisaged at election time, it is the King's duty to discourage any excesses on the part of the government.

The Crown is the guardian of the British Constitution—and therefore, in certain circumstances, the protector of the people *against* the government.

The public side of Royal life receives the most attention—the endless ceremonies and visits, polite inquiries and sympathetic replies. The official routine of Buckingham Palace is often forgotten. Yet when Elizabeth becomes Queen she will find herself with as much office work as the director of any great business. To her study in the palace will come a stream of documents for information and signature. All the official envelopes will have been opened by her private secretary—save one: the summary of the day's debates in Parliament, prepared by the Secretary to the Cabinet and typed in wide spacing to allow room for the Queen's comments.

On an average of fifty times a day she will sign "Elizabeth R.I." on documents, and dry them on the black blotting-paper which cannot be mirror-read.

Or will it be "Elizabeth R.I." after all? Next year we shall know. Seventy years ago, Victoria was declared Empress of India. If India now becomes a republic or leaves the Commonwealth, that title

will have to be dropped. Yet the Imperial responsibility will still rest with the Crown. When George V lay dying at Sandringham, almost his last words were: "Is all well with the Empire?" The Empire was his greatest single responsibility, for the Crown is the only positive link between Great Britain and the Dominions Beyond the Seas.

The British Empire, which during Victoria's reign grew from 8,000,000 square miles, with a population of 96,000,000, to 12,000,000 square miles, with a population of 240,000,000, became the British Commonwealth of Nations in 1931. These separate and distinct nations share a common king, but no common parliament. In the last resort, the Empire is held together by one thing —personal loyalty of each subject to the Crown.

From the Dominions must come approval for any marriage that Elizabeth contemplates, since the Dominions must be consulted in any matters concerning the succession to the throne.

She is bound by the Royal Marriages Act of 1772 and cannot marry without the consent of the King before she is twenty-five. After that age, she may marry against the King's wishes, provided that, within a year from the announcement of the proposed marriage, both Houses of Parliament do not pass addresses disapproving of it.

Even after she becomes Queen in her own right, though there is no legal bar to her marrying whomever she pleases, she might still meet with such opposition as caused Edward VIII to abdicate. And in all she must be guided by the wishes of the Dominions as well as of Great Britain. Her husband, in any event, may not be a Roman Catholic, nor may she adopt that faith. She would be barred from ruling under the Act of Settlement of 1701.

Her future Consort's position is entirely unenviable. The British people have always been suspicious of their queens' husbands and have treated them shabbily—with the exception of William III, the no-nonsense Dutchman who refused to set foot in the country until he had assurance that he would not be required to take a back seat to his wife, Mary.

Of the others, Bloody Mary's husband, Philip of Spain, spent less than a year in the country and then was driven away by the cold climate and colder reception. Anne's husband, George of Denmark, was unknown either to her subjects or to history—except as the father of her many offspring. And to Victoria's Prince Consort the opposition was intense.

Victim of Rumours

Albert was distrusted even more by the politicians than by the people. He was undoubtedly a good man, of the best intentions. But his foreign birth, his suspected influence over the Queen, and his humourless intelligence set rumour constantly against him. In 1854 he wrote: "My being committed to the Tower was believed all over the country, nay, even that the Queen had been arrested. People surrounded the Tower in thousands to see us brought in."

Victoria was so upset by the campaign against her husband that she strongly hinted that she might abdicate. But, by the time of his death in 1861, Albert had gained the confidence of his wife's subjects. At his funeral, Disraeli said: "We have buried our Sovereign. The German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our kings has shown."

And Victoria herself, though once hissed in the streets, became England's most respected sovereign. Her son, Edward VII, made his Crown popular. And his son, George V, brought it genuine love.

To George V's granddaughter, when the time comes for her to succeed to the throne, will go an even greater affection from the people. She will need it all to sustain her in her job. For the duties are so great, and the rewards so small, that one must frequently wonder not that the people should so long have consented to support the Crown but that the Crown has so long consented to serve the people.

Private View of the Princess

STRONG-WILLED HEIRESS

YOUNG WOMEN DO NOT CARE, as a rule, for their lives to be planned to an unalterable schedule; they usually kick—and then go their own sweet way. You might think a princess, and particularly one who is to be Queen of England, would be in no such happy and human position.

She isn't—quite; but Elizabeth May Alexandra Windsor, future ruler of these islands, has, during her twenty-one years, made it clear that she can kick as heartily as any of her less socially exalted sisters.

When they told her during the war that she would not be permitted to join any of the women's Services, a hard glint came into her eye and she set out to break down that idea. It took her a year. But she did it, and joined the A.T.S. This was a major victory; her father had led the opposition.

Elizabeth is strong-willed, direct in speech and thought and conscious of the difficult and responsible job that she inherits. Her working desk in her rooms at Buckingham Palace gives a fair clue to her character. It is a big, flat-topped mahogany desk flanked by a couple of small tables holding "In" and "Out" trays, telephone books and London street guides. The correspondence is clipped neatly with steel holders and there is a touch of primness about the way her notepaper is arranged.

She has an extension on the Buckingham Palace line (Whitehall 4832) in the London Telephone Directory. But she can't be easily spoken to that way. Passing callers, smitten with the urged to ring up a future Queen of England, are courteously told that she is not available.

Elizabeth speaks and reads French very well, German with less fluency; the best French authors, though few moderns, are on her shelves.

She has been a good deal to the theatre and frequently goes to late supper after the show—usually to the Mirabelle or Ciro's. Those on the same errand have seen her dancing and rated her better than average at it. She loves horse-racing and likes a bet—especially on one of the King's horses.

After the official announcement of her engagement, she will certainly prepare to move out of her quarters at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. She may take over Clarence House in St. James's Palace as her town house and Sunninghill Park, near Windsor, as her country place.

Her original £6,000-a-year income jumps to £15,000 a year when she is twenty-one. Marriage will mean a further upward adjustment. And from the Civil List will come a substantial stipend for her husband.

WHOEVER her husband may be, he will find out that she is very "correct" about clothes and is hardly the fashion-plate that the Duchess of Kent was until her widowhood. She tends to dress quietly and to stick to blues and greens. She wears little jewellery by day—usually three rows of pearls and a watch which must be one of the smallest in the world; in the evenings she normally wears little more jewellery than earrings and a bracelet.

Her husband will also learn that she likes knitting but not sewing, that it isn't any good offering her ice cream since she doesn't care for it, and that a boiled egg at breakfast will be turned down flat!

She is tallish for a woman (5 ft. 6½ in.) and has a good carriage and figure. Her hair is a pleasant chestnut, curling and sweeping back from a broad brow. Her eyes are blue; her complexion and colouring in the English cream-and-roses tradition.

She might be faulted on her mouth which is rather wide, but her excellent teeth help here. Her hands are medium size, tapering and with only slightly polished nails. She has an odd trick of holding her left thumb in the palm of her hand when speaking. She rarely gestures.

And if her husband does such conventional British things as hunting, shooting and fishing, he is unlikely to find Elizabeth over-keen on them.

JOHN COTTON

NO ONE TO LOOK AFTER THEM

by DENNIS BARDENS

Because there is no place for their children to go during working hours, many mothers cannot help in the production drive. Wartime day nurseries were a big success. But many have closed. Let's reopen them

YES, I'D LOVE TO COME, *but I've nobody to mind the child.*" Millions of mothers say this every week when they are invited out. The words are not meant as a complaint, for no good mother grudges the sacrifices she makes for her children. Yet they hide a great deal of suffering.

And—an important point at the present time—"I've nobody to mind the child" sums up the very natural objection of many women to taking a job in industry.

The inability of mothers to find anyone to look after their children while they go to work, or go shopping, or seek relaxation from housework, is a social problem that has received too little attention.

It affects the happiness and welfare of over 3,500,000 children under the age of five, and the stability of over 2,000,000 homes. It has important implications in our drive for increased exports and is affecting the birthrate adversely.

It is no use saying: "Married people who have children must be prepared to accept the responsibility and make sacrifices." Of course they should. But present circumstances are abnormal.

Because of the housing shortage, hundreds of thousands of married couples are living in cramped, unsuitable conditions—in single or two-roomed apartments in converted houses and flats. There is often no room for the child to play when it is over two years old, and in this unsuitable environment it cannot acquire good habits during its most formative years.

Then, millions of housewives are grossly overworked and seldom get any respite from their long hours of housework.

Finally, there is the manpower shortage. The Government wants married women to enter industry—but mothers of young children cannot do this unless they can make satisfactory provision for them during working hours.

The nation's mothers all need, in different degrees, the help that only a comprehensive national nursery service could give them. Their needs can be met, as was proved with great success during the war by:

(1) Day nurseries accommodating all children up to the age of five;

(2) Nursery schools, which differ little from day nurseries except that they cater only for children between the ages of two and five;

(3) Crêches, where infants up to five can be left for short periods; and

(4) "Minders," who will look after children in their own homes while their mothers are away.

By the outbreak of war local authorities had established only 106 day nurseries and nursery schools, but, during the war, when over 3,000,000 married women joined the Services or entered war work, it was necessary to increase this provision. The Ministry of Health assumed responsibility for the entire running costs of these places, and by 1944 there were 1,560 day nurseries in existence, with accommodation for over 60,000 children and costing over £2,500,000 a year to run.

The average cost of maintaining each child was over £40 a year, of which the mother paid only six shillings a week, or less than £16 a year.

Administration was by local authorities, and these nurseries were clean, roomy, airy and light. The rooms were gaily coloured, with attractive chintz curtains, child-size furniture, and crockery, pictures and books suitable for infants. Kitchens, washrooms and lavatories were impeccably clean.

A mother leaving her child at a nursery for the day could be sure that he would be safe and happy, get the right kind of meals at the proper times, and have enough sleep, fresh air, exercise and play. He would be washed, clothed and kept warm.

Children Were Happy

Although these nurseries could never equal a good home environment, most of the children were happy and they learned good habits.

It was generally agreed that Britain's day nurseries were one of the best of our wartime experiments, and many hoped that the service would expand in peace.

In March, 1946, however, the Ministry of Health decided to stop its 100 per cent grant towards the upkeep of day nurseries. Local authorities were invited to canvass opinion on the postwar demand for nurseries of all sorts, to report to the Ministry which of the wartime nurseries they would like to take over—receiving in future a grant of about half the running costs—and to close down nurseries for which there was insufficient demand.

Since then nearly 350 day nurseries have been closed down, many with precipitate and undignified haste. The decision to close some day nurseries was taken without any real ballot of public opinion. This created a storm of protest all over the country.

Mothers wishing to make use of day nurseries were subjected to a means test and asked to pay up to thirty shillings a week instead of the previous six shillings a week. In the London borough of Hornsey and other districts they flatly refused to pay the increased rates.

Even when the opinion of local mothers was sought, the methods adopted were usually haphazard and unrepresentative. Only the users of day nurseries were asked for their views, though naturally, with the war at an end, many would be giving up their work and making a home with their returning husbands. No attempt was made to get the views of mothers in general.

But where any conscientious attempt has been made to discover how mothers feel, the vote has been overwhelmingly in favour of day nurseries. When the Northern Nurseries Campaign Committee recently asked women using day nurseries in an area administered by thirty local authorities in Cheshire and Lancashire: "Do you think day nurseries necessary in peacetime?" 99.7 per cent answered "Yes."

This questionnaire proved, too, that the mothers using the day nurseries had urgent need of them. Over fifty-six per cent were found to be the sole support of their children and twenty-one per cent were "partially" supporting them.

Recently the London Women's Parliament, representing 500,000 women, petitioned the Ministry of Health to continue with its 100 per cent wartime grant to day nurseries, and asked that there should be no increased charge to mothers. A Fabian Society Committee, submitting a report to the Royal Commission on Population, also recommended that "there should be nurseries available for children everywhere, night and day."

What is the Government's policy? Its preference is for nursery *schools*, similar in most ways to day nurseries except that they do not accept infants under two years old. It feels that the proper place for a child under two is at home with its mother.

There are sound reasons for this. Up to its second year, a child's greatest need is a feeling of complete security and familiar surroundings. Dr. Menzies, Leyton's Medical Officer of Health, has found that children under two fret in day nurseries

Priestley's Page

Exclusive weekly feature in which readers put the posers and J. B. Priestley gives his pungent views on them, John Bull acting as the question-master. The rule: general interest topics only

Q. "Can we afford the present costly political war against Communism, which must inevitably lead to another total war?"

No. There is a very horrible vicious circle here. The Communists are always inclined to believe that who is not for them is against them, and that conflict between Communism and what I may call non-Communism is sooner or later inevitable.

I think this point of view is unfortunate. But of course it is only immensely strengthened when every move in the non-Communist world is obviously directed against Communism, when anti-Communist propaganda is animated by a fiery crusading spirit, and when the other people begin to believe, too, that conflict is inevitable.

This hardens the Communists and naturally tends to make them more belligerent. Their enemies then point to these manifestations as still further evidence that there is no dealing with Communism. And so the miserable game goes on.

Meanwhile, I offer this as an encouragement to readers who are prepared to use their reason in this matter: the Communists are not as Communistic as they pretend to be, and most of the anti-Communists are not as anti-Communist as they think they are.

In their actual day-to-day behaviour, the people of both these worlds are far nearer to each other than they imagine. For example, it is *not* true that there is no individual liberty in the Soviet Union, and it is equally untrue that there is unlimited individual liberty in America.

Q. "The Highway Code is doing a lot to promote good behaviour among road users. Can you suggest a short code of social conduct to do the same in everyday life?"

An interesting idea, but too difficult to work out in a brief answer.

There might be a code of ordinary decent citizenship. For example, many people still do not realize what intolerable nuisances they make of themselves by their delight in noise—wireless sets going at full blast, for instance.

Young people who have to wait upon their elders, in shops and tea-rooms and similar places, should try to acquire better manners. People who keep ferocious dogs, whose threatening behaviour makes the visit of the postman or tradesman a formidable enterprise, might be warned. Customers in understaffed shops who go on talking when other people are waiting to be served might be reminded of their obligations.

Organizations that suddenly decide to send hundreds of telegrams should be asked, in the public interest, to consider their decision rather more carefully. And I, for one consider it extremely bad manners to telephone to a stranger, who deserves a letter first.

Here I have merely sketched the first ideas that came into my head. Readers can amuse themselves by adding to and codifying them.

But please do not send the results to me, as I have no ambition to be the author of the proposed Short Code of Social Conduct. Indeed, I would add to such a code: please do not worry hard-working authors.

Q. "What are the essentials of a first-rate holiday?"

Complete change is the real essential of a good holiday. This reply may appear to be the most commonplace of platitudes, and yet I doubt if most holidaymakers try very hard to give themselves the greatest possible change.

Thus, when I was a youngster in Yorkshire, the housewives there, who worked like blazes, cleaning, cooking, washing, baking, all the year round, rarely went to boarding houses at the seaside, but took rooms where, although they did not do the actual cooking, they did the catering themselves, with the result that they still felt responsible and had to spend time shopping.

People should try to find in their holidays an environment that is completely different from their ordinary one. If, for example, you work in a shop and have to deal with people all day, then the most sensible way to spend a holiday is to take yourself far away from people, and not to join in the crowds at a big resort.

If, on the other hand, your work keeps you lonely, then you should have a holiday with a rowdy mob.

Probably the best change of all is a holiday in a foreign country, because that is as complete a change as it is possible for us to have.

Wherever they go, housewives should insist upon spending their holidays free from any responsibility about meals.

Young people with plenty of energy would be well advised not to plan a holiday that leaves them little to do but hang about or indulge in passive amusements.

Very often they would enjoy themselves much more spending some part of the day doing another kind of job—helping with the hay or something of that sort.

Finally, it is a mistake to imagine that the only way to have a good holiday is to spend money right and left on all manner of trivialities.

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

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Continued from previous page

and do not put on the weight they should, although their rations are double what they would get at home. The Medical Women's Federation, whose team of doctors studied the case histories of 4,500 day nursery children, decided that they were more liable to colds than children who stayed at home. And Professor J. C. Spence, Professor of Child Welfare at Durham University, declared: "We must not blind the public to the fact that there is a greater danger of infection to children by grouping them together in nurseries than by leaving them in their homes."

As a general policy, therefore, the Ministry of Health are right in their preference for nursery schools. But suitable premises for such schools cannot be expected until materials and labour are available. Closing of nurseries amounts to whittling down existing services before they can be replaced by anything better. This is to be regretted.

And it must be admitted that most mothers are having a hard time. In prewar days there was no housing shortage or shopping queues, and there were many women who would mind a baby for half a day or more for a reasonable sum.

Today the housewife with young children works from 6.30 a.m. until 8.30 p.m., seven days a week, for a child under five needs constant attention. She works, thus, an average ninety-hour week—or twice as long as most trade unions insist is compatible with the health and happiness of male workers.

Most mothers need an occasional half day to themselves. It is as necessary for their children's happiness as for their own, for the anxieties of harassed parents are readily transmitted to children.

Today, mothers' needs, I suggest, can be met in three different ways:

(1) *By opening "clubs," such as that organized in Acton, London, by the Red Cross branch, where infants can be left while mothers go shopping;*

(2) *Municipal crêches, where children can be left for a morning or afternoon;*

(3) *The organizing of "minders"—volunteers who will look after infants in their homes while their mothers go out.*

Unless these needs are energetically met, the field will be left clear for racketeers of all sorts. Already money-grabbing baby-minders charge up to five shillings an hour for their services, while I know of one so-called "day nursery" which is simply a blitzed house, lacking all facilities.

We might also learn a lesson from countries like Sweden and include a well-built day nursery in all new housing estates and blocks of flats. The day nursery attached to the Lidingo housing estate near Stockholm, which I saw last year, is an outstanding example. There is a miniature kitchen with a small-scale gas cooker, where little girls can learn cookery, and a workbench for boys. A nurse is in attendance. And the cost is "in with the rent."

Many firms in Britain are taking the initiative themselves. In Bolton the Master Spinners' Association has offered to contribute to the cost of running day nurseries, and one Bolton mill has already opened its own.

Britain's mothers are entitled to occasional relief from their household chores, and we must push ahead with "minder" schemes and temporary crêches until it is possible to open new day nurseries and nursery schools.

Mothers should be charged a maximum of fifteen shillings for sending their children to a day nursery, the balance being paid from the rates.

As things are, many married couples are refusing to have children, industry is losing the services of thousands of women, and many mothers, from lack of recreation, are reaching a stage of exhaustion as dangerous to their children as to themselves.

Question Time in the House of Commons serves a useful purpose by keeping officials on their toes; bringing defects to light. But M.P.s should not abuse the privilege when they say . . .

MR. SPEAKER, SIR . . .

by WILL NALLY, M.P.

FAR TOO MANY QUESTIONS are asked in the House of Commons. The excellent principle that Ministers must answer personally and publicly for their administrations is being abused. A great instrument for the protection of the people is being blunted by petty misuse.

The first hour of each sitting day except Friday is set aside for questions by private Members to Ministers. Many of these questions are put down for "oral answer"—that is, to be answered by the Minister in person and subject to cross-examination by "supplementary questions."

Nowadays scarcely half of those put down are ever reached. Something like 170 questions are on the Order Paper each day, and seventy-five to eighty are answered. I have known as few as forty dealt with in the time available.

True, "oral" questions not reached one day are given a written reply the next, but the excessive number of inquiries made by both back benches often means that important matters numbered later in the list are not fully discussed at Question Time.

There are two sorts of questions that are, in my view, a waste of time.

First, there are the questions on *individual cases*. This sort of thing occurs again and again:

Mr. "A" asks the Secretary of State for War "if he is aware that his department has not yet made a compensation payment for damage to my constituent, Mr. Jones, of 9 West Hill Terrace, Gloonbridge, despite repeated applications for immediate settlement?"

The Financial Secretary to the War Office: "My right hon. friend the Secretary of State for War has repeatedly informed Mr. Jones that he admits no liability for damage to the premises named since the Army vacated them over three years before the claim was made, and the house has been inhabited by Mr. Jones and his relations ever since."

Clearly what is at issue in such cases is the legal interpretation of a complex body of regulations. The Member can do far more for his constituents by writing to the Minister and seeing him privately than by raising the matter in public, thus putting the Minister in the dock and his officials on the defensive.

Publicity-Seekers

Secondly there are questions that are raised mainly in order to secure *publicity* for the Member in his own constituency. This sort of thing:

"Mr. 'B' asked the Minister of Transport the yearly saving in road transport which his department expects to effect through the termination of the service of trains between Little Mudtown and Never Sandwich (in Mr. 'B's' constituency) and the provision of buses in their place."

Now it is perfectly proper for Mr. "B" to be concerned about the withdrawal of trains that some of his constituents like to use and to play polite hell with the Minister of Transport about it. But again this should be done privately. The Member will get far more from the Minister in the quietness of his office than by seeking to pillory him in the House. And no general interest is involved.

The reason for putting down the question in this form is obvious. The exchange between the private Member and the Minister will be reported in the local Press. It will create the impression that the Member is more actively concerned about the welfare of his constituents than neighbouring M.P.s who ask fewer and less "localized" questions.

Some pointed, pithy questions from me to the Minister of Food about the beer situation in Bilston would, undoubtedly, further endear me to many of my constituents. But, in my view, these questions would not be a fair use of Parliamentary Question Time. For, alas, beer shortages are not exclusively confined to my beloved Bilston.

This evil could be reduced if it were a rule of the House that questions raising no matter of general interest (those concerned with the affairs of individuals or of particular constituencies) should only be allowed if the Member had first raised the point with the Minister in writing. The administration of the rule could be safely left in the hands of the Speaker, who has not the slightest interest in protecting a Minister from the fullest criticism.

After a Bill is Passed

Restricting the number of questions would serve to concentrate the attention of the House upon really important subjects.

Question Time serves a vital purpose that arises from the essential difference between law-making and administration.

A Bill giving new power to a Minister is very carefully discussed in the House or some committee of the House. But that is only half the story. After the law is passed it has to be carried out, and every law, particularly in recent years, leaves a great many problems and regulations to the decision of the Minister and his officials.

Take, for example, the Education Act of 1944. It gives power to the Minister of Education to build and open new schools, raise the school-leaving age and make grants for all sorts of educational purposes. But the actual dates at which these various things are to be done, the places where the schools are to be built, the kinds of scholarships to be granted are all left to the decision of the Minister and the administration of Civil Servants.

The public is just as much affected by these administrative decisions as by the terms of the Act, and it is Question Time that gives the people's representatives a chance to keep a continuous check on the actual conduct of the Government.

An M.P. learning, shall we say, from a constituent that the regulations prevent a non-matriculated student from applying for a grant to enable him to become a teacher, puts down this question:

Col. Douglas Clifton Brown, Speaker of the House of Commons since March, 1943. "Mr. Speaker's" duty: to act as a completely impartial chairman

"Is the Minister of Education aware that there are a large number of suitable young men who are prevented by his Ministry from becoming teachers because they have not passed the University matriculation examination, and will he take steps to remove this and substitute a more suitable test of educational achievement?"

This question is handed in to the Clerk of the House and sent by him to the Private Secretary of the Minister. The Private Secretary examines the question and passes it on to the official concerned.

The officials then prepare draft answers that are submitted to the Minister of Education the evening before the day on which the question is to be answered in the House. The Minister will either accept the answer and read it out to the House, amend the words while standing by the policy, or give a reply that he is not satisfied all is well and that "he will look into the matter further."

This simple process serves three useful and essential purposes:

(1) It informs the House, the Press and the nation of what is actually happening.

(2) It draws the attention of the Minister himself to the "sore points" in his department's relations with the public. He is, himself, a busy man, and he cannot possibly keep track of all the decisions taken by his officials. Many a question has led a Minister to alter some important detail of policy.

(3) It affects the Civil Servants themselves. They, for the most part, dislike questions and think the Minister is "weak" if he worries about them and does not "stand up" to the House; that is, defend their decisions against criticism.

It is only human nature for Civil Servants to feel like this. In many cases they are in the right. They know more about the difficulties than the back-bencher or the man in the street. That's what they are paid for. Nevertheless, awkward questions serve to keep a man on his toes.

Question Time keeps the vast apparatus of a modern Government aware of the human results of its actions.

It is for precisely this reason that those of us privileged to use it, should do so more for the benefit of Britain, and rather less for the purposes of personal build-ups in our respective parishes.

I WAS AN EMIGRANT (2) by ROLAND WILD

TO THE NEW WORLD

The Statue of Liberty is a beacon of hope to the wanderer. This second article in a John Bull series tells of the emigrants without papers—the human contraband of all nationalities who gatecrash the New World

FIRST VIEW OF THE NEW WORLD is the torch of the old lady of Liberty.* Second view is the braid on the cap of a United States immigration official and a questionnaire a foot long and six inches wide.

Alfred Heinrisch, aged fifteen, of Poland, decided not to bother with the second view. He made three attempts to enter the United States without a visa, and three times he was sent back. The last time he tried to swim ashore from an emigrant ship in which also he was an uninvited guest.

He has now crossed the Atlantic six times; the United States Government has paid the west to east fare in each case, Alfred has paid one fare east to west, and an unwilling shipping company has stood the racket for the other two fares.

But Alfred Heinrisch is in fairly good company. Last year the hard-worked immigration officials of New York found 839 citizens of the Old World attempting to enter the New World without the proper papers. On one ship there were forty-two stowaways, huddled in the holds and risking death by asphyxiation, lying prone in the lifeboats and drinking rain water caught in a fold of canvas.

They have been found in ammunition lockers, generator rooms, coal bunkers and potato bins. They have been grandmothers, a seven-month-old baby, pregnant women and old men. Never has the grass appeared so green far away from Europe. And never have the immigration officers been so tough and Ellis Island so inhospitable.

But New York is only the biggest port of entry. On the Mexican border the American police, armed with rifles, keep a constant boat patrol on the Rio Grande, hauling in their captives from the water, shooting to kill if their quarry looks like gaining the distant shore.

On the Pacific coast motor boat patrols are on the lookout for boats and swimmers coming in from European tramps lying off-shore, and dock police have been doubled in sailors' towns from San Diego right up the coast to Alaska.

Even so, the unwanted immigrants get through the iron ring.

In New York an Italian is hidden and his tracks covered by an organization working in the crowded Italian quarter. A Sicilian gets a good copy of a passport and citizen's papers within twenty-four hours of contact with the Sicilian underground. Chinese coming into San Francisco disappear for a week, reappearing with good American citizenship papers and a perfect alibi for the past ten years.

During 1946 the Canadian border probably allowed through more illegal newcomers to the United States than any other.

The route recommended was from Vancouver, British Columbia, and then across the border at any one of a score of small border posts where regulations were lax and only the smallest formality, such as the production of a liquor licence, was required for the passage of a Canadian into the United States.

Anthony from Harrow

My young friend Anthony Kerr, one of the strangest characters to buck the immigration laws, proved that it was fairly easy.

Anthony was eighteen. He left Harrow in the summer of 1946 and travelled with his mother to Philadelphia and thence up to Montreal and Toronto.

He wanted to see the world, and particularly Western Canada, so he left his parent in the east and took a train to Winnipeg.

After a time Anthony's money ran out and he slept in kitchens, hotel lounges, and once in a police station.

His equipment for this Odyssey was a Harrow tie that soon lost its freshness, a double-breasted suit of London cut, one suitcase and a cricket bat. Asked the reason for the bat, he said: "People ask what it's for and so I make friends."

When an American couple offered to drive him to the Pacific, Kerr could not have guessed that they would go via the United States. He crossed the border without trouble, and then found that re-entry to Canada was impossible on his limited visa.

But Harrow teaches other things besides how to wear a straw hat.

Anthony waited till Halloween night, when a dance on the U.S. side of the border was scheduled. At midnight, while the Customs men were at the party, Anthony crossed the border. It was as easy as that.

The last I saw of him he was working as a dish-washer in a Vancouver cafe, still with the old school tie and the cricket bat, and was condemned to deportation by the Canadian Immigration Board which sits twice a month.

Vancouver is the "terminal city," the full stop city where the footloose from all over the world end up, balked as they come off the transcontinental trains or set foot ashore from the Orient. So, in the thirty years of its existence, the Immigration Jail on the waterfront has seen romance, tragedy, death and comedy. It is the hotel, prison, restaurant and isolation ward for the world's wanderers—unique in North America.

In charge is Immigration Chief Fred ("Cyclone") Taylor, who keeps a register of his guests, showing that in one day there can be Arabs, Somalilanders, Estonians, West Indians, South Americans, Swedes, Cockneys, Japs, Yanks, Albanians and Australians.

They are all intent on America or the big Canadian cities of the east. They don't fear jail and they don't fear fines. But they have attempted suicide to avoid the sentence of a passage back home.

A big Russian was the last to slash his wrists in the Immigration Centre. The last to escape alive was an Estonian who filed away a bar and dropped

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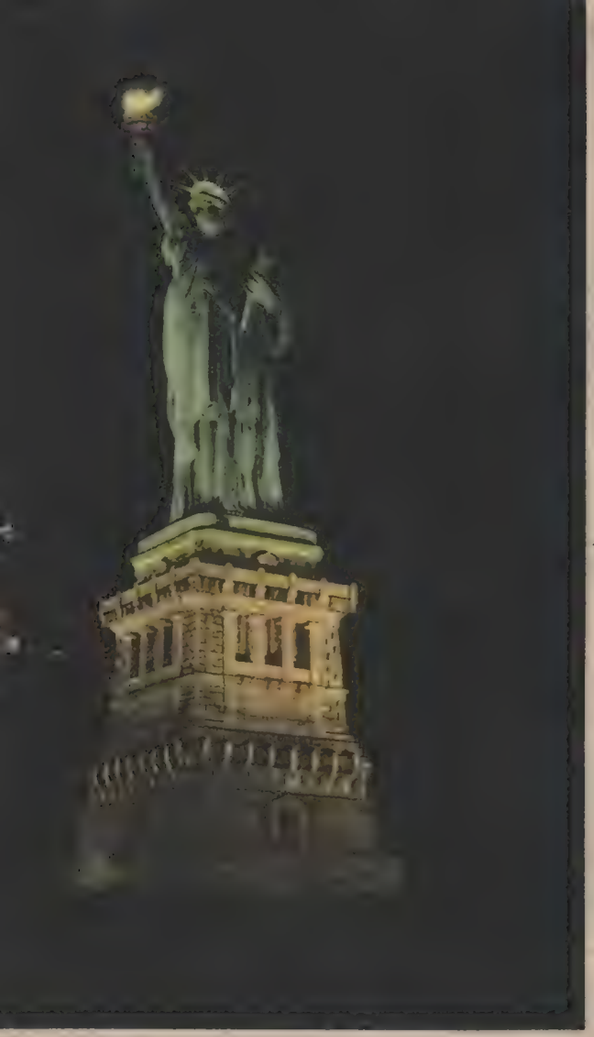
* *Give me your tired, your poor,*
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore;
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

—Inscription on the Statue of Liberty



fifty feet to freedom. An Englishman beat the regulations by marrying a Canadian girl in Taylor's office.

One of the worst moments in "Cyclone's" memory happened when immigration officials tore a bride out of her husband's arms and deported her across the U.S. border as a suspected prostitute.

Four stowaways from Samoa are the most colourful guests of the Canadian Government today. Johnny Timaru, aged nineteen, was the leader. He paddled a canoe out to the steamer *Parkside Park* as she set sail from his island paradise.

Dressed only in sarongs, the four Samoans offered to work the ship and were rewarded with a passage to Canada and an outfit of clothes. They await the inevitable sentence of return with smiling equanimity, for "Cyclone" Taylor can judge his men, and gives them freedom to work in Vancouver so long as they report back to their cells at night.

Fred of the Merchant Navy

Like most hotels, the Immigration Centre has had its overcrowded moments. Once, during a war that seems very long ago, 1,200 Chinese coolies halted there on their way to dig trenches in Flanders.

Aristocrats have been there, and killers like William Bagley, who shot his way out of jail and was hanged in San Quentin. Heroes have been there, and I drank rye whisky with Fred Davies of the Merchant Navy as he waited in his cell for a Government-paid aeroplane flight back to England; for when the immigration department decides a man is not wanted he gets priority out of the country.

"Cyclone" Taylor probably knows more about the emotions in the heart of an unwanted voyager than any man alive—and he makes himself understood in all their languages. He was undefeated when a prisoner revealed himself as a deaf mute; the Cyclone talked to him on his fingers.

Today, more than ever in history, there are mass movements of population across the oceans and the prairies. While passenger transport has never been faster, it is ironic that a journey from start to finish takes longer for most of the under-privileged than in sailing ship days.

Prisoners of war from the Far East, and civilians liberated from the concentration camps, form a vast army slowly being scattered and decentralized, and, in any of the world's great crossroad cities, a cross-section would reveal a small percentage of involuntary travellers desiring only to unpack, put up their feet, and say: "We are home."

But of all the Displaced Persons seeking sanctuary and peace, none is more phlegmatic than the Oriental, happy in the western world but driven by some emotional urge to see the turmoil of the East once more.

One day I saw off Lew Ching, eighty years old, bearded, serene and placid with his briar pipe, in a train bound for San Francisco and China.

Lew had been in Canada for thirty-five years and was going home to die. He had been a gardener, and then a delivery man for a vegetable firm, and then had bought his own truck and hawked his own vegetables.

The vehicle was a T Model Ford, and daily it ran through the western streets on a selected round, while Lew smiled at his customers and said with a giggle: "Wegetables?"

But though the West had treated him well and given him riches, it was in China that he must die, and he applied in 1937 for a passage home. War kept him waiting ten years, but here he was, with his 400-dollar passage money paid and another 500 dollars in his patched denim pants.

He had a cane basket, a brand new fibre suitcase, and a strange, ungainly parcel that blocked the corridors and tangled the feet of officials.

"It's a lake, sir," said Lew. "A lake for the garden. . . ."

In some Chinese village, Lew Ching is going to show the wonders of the modern world when he produces his brightly-coloured iron rake with a yellow handle, unknown in China.

Lew Ching is one of Canada's 35,000 Chinese. In the past ten years the Chinese population has dropped by 15,000 largely owing to Canada's strict laws that prohibit Chinese from bringing their wives and children. Here again is seen the Dominion's exaggerated touchiness on matters of immigration.

The Chinese, admittedly good citizens, have recently pointed out to the Government in Ottawa that the Four Freedoms envisage a world in which respect for human rights is emphasized, regardless of sex, race, language and religion.

"The Canadian attitude is archaic," say the Chinese. "China has indeed signed a treaty with Canada including privileges for nationals of both countries to travel, reside, and carry on business in either country."

But the trains still carry Chinese down to the United States, where laws are merciful, and 3,000 Chinese are still on the waiting list to return to their country. Forty per cent of them will be like Lew Ching. They will not come back.

Big Business has entered the field of smuggling human contraband. Europeans have the most difficult task in leaving their country and entering another because their exit is barred by regulations. Hence the levy on the few who make the break is the heaviest.

But business is best from the Far East to the United States, and men detained by the immigration authorities have told stories which piece together to make a detailed fabric of international deceit.

However slim the chances are for entry to a new country, the ship charges are paid and the immigrants taken to the port of entry without further guarantee.

Far Horizon Beckons

Orientals are the biggest suckers in the profitable international game, and Chinese heading for the Philippines are paying huge sums to shipping firms.

Recently, raids on Chinese quarters in Manila unearthed a batch of eighty in one hideout, and this was only one of several raids aimed at checking the business. The Philippines are regarded as the promised land in many parts of China — not altogether with reason.

The out-of-date atlases all over the world are being taken down, studied, and the empty spaces peopled with dreams. The far horizon beckons with the same bright light as when the old pioneers strapped their household goods together, bundled their food, and looked westward.

And for most of them there is a concrete instance somewhere in mind, some fabulous example of peace and riches such as Lena Himmelstein's, who arrived in New York in 1897. Lena was Russian, and a marriage had been arranged to a man she had never seen. She took one look at her prospective bridegroom and refused.

She is now Mrs. Lane Bryant Malsin, a grey-haired grandmother with a million dollars. For New York gave her a job at fifteen dollars a week, then twenty dollars a week, then marriage, then control of a big business.

The stories of immigrants like Lena go all over the world.

But nobody hears of the misfits, the men and women saddened by years of nostalgia for the old sights and sounds. For there are no nightmares among the dreams of men in the wrong country.

NEXT WEEK: *Misfits Far From Home.*

Georgia Street, a main thoroughfare in Vancouver, B.C., "terminal city for footloose folk from all over the world"

ENGLISH CRICKET ON THE MAT

by FRANK ADAMS

Financially, cricket is the Cinderella of sports. England's Test match chances are linked with higher rewards for professionals

ENGLAND'S TEST CRICKET STOCK has slumped so badly that something must be done to boost it before the Australians arrive next year. Can we find the players who can prove that the tradition of English cricket is not an old story that has been too often told?

I believe there is nothing much wrong with our players that time and match practice cannot cure. The plan for revival should be blue-printed in the summer ahead.

But it is as well to realize that cricket remains, from the financial viewpoint of the player, the Cinderella of big sport. Cricket *is* big business all right. It has been so ever since William Clarke, a Nottingham bricklayer, formed the first All-England eleven one hundred years ago.

Yet from that day to this, there has been little money in the game for the player. A healthy sun-tan remains about the only enduring benefit most players get from top-rank cricket. A professional has to be in the highest class to make £1,000 a year and most are lucky to get £500.

In Clarke's day it was worse. An All-England player was paid between £4 and £6 a match and had to pay all his own expenses. Clarke grew rich. Everyone made money out of cricket—except the professional who, then as now, was keeping the game alive.

Fred Root, one of the cleverest bowlers who ever played for England, says that cricket is the worst paid of all professional games—and figures support his statement. While with Worcestershire, Root bowled on average 1,500 overs a year, took 150 wickets a season, made between 800 and 1,000 runs and did his share of fielding in a six-hour playing day through a season of twenty weeks.

Yet this work brought him less than £300 a year. He did get a guaranteed benefit of £500 a year when it was found that the Lancashire League had made him an attractive offer, but it took three years for the money to be paid in instalments.

Too Old at Forty

While Root's experience is typical of the average county cricketer's, there are exceptions, notably in Yorkshire. The late Roy Kilner received as much as £4,000 in benefit. Yet compare this with Harold Larwood's £2,000 after he had nearly bowled his heart out for England against the Australians.

At best, the life of the cricket pro. lasts no more than twenty years. His earnings—now averaging about £400 a year—scarcely give him a chance to accumulate savings. So, after twenty years in cricket, the old pro. finds himself thrown on the scrap heap at the age of forty. Often he is unemployable—except as a groundsman.

The greatest hope of the cricket professional is to strike a brilliant patch of form which might lead to Test selection. A good performance against the Australians brings a chance to "cash in" on his name with newspaper articles, the autographing of bats and balls, personal appearance at stores.

Is all this good enough? Scarcely—if we envisage a brighter future for English cricket.

Yet, despite everything, cricket still draws recruits. The game gets into a youngster's blood, and, should he also have football in his feet, there is the chance of a double income. Patsy Hendren represented his country at both games. Others were Wally Hardinge, of Kent, and Andy Ducat, the Surrey batsman and Aston Villa captain. More recently the Compton brothers made all-the-year-round livings from sport. Another good footballer-cricketer is Billy Watson, a product of Yorkshire coaching. Hammond was a useful forward with Bristol Rovers.

Cyril Washbrook in century-making form. He's a Test "possible" against the Springboks

Yet these are all exceptions. In the main, the cricketer is a one-sport specialist who plays all through the summer and dreams about the sport during winter.

We want more of this type if English cricket is to enter a new and brighter phase. What are the prospects? The five Tests against the visiting South Africans this summer will provide the "trial runs."

Seven players from the wreckage of the late and unlamented Australian tour form the backbone of what may be an outstandingly good England team. If the M.C.C. selectors adopt a bold policy of youth, there is no reason why the slump should not be arrested. The seven certainties are Len Hutton, Denis Compton, Bill Edrich, Alec Bedser, Godfrey Evans, Jack Ikin and Douglas Wright. I would add Cyril Washbrook, the Lancashire opening batsman, could I be sure that he was completely happy when up against authentic fast bowling.

Our chief needs now are a pace bowler, a left-arm spin specialist and a left-handed batsman. And if two fast attackers could be found, so much the better—although in this department of the game, the shortage is world-wide.

Best in the first-class counties is Tom Pritchard, due to make his championship debut for Warwickshire this season. But Pritchard is a New Zealander, and the selectors may be shy of picking him, although there is plenty of precedent. The Nawab of Pataudi represented England against the Australians and then came over here last year to captain India.

He Fields Like Hobbs

If Pritchard plays, another New Zealander must come in as the left-hander we need. He is Martin Donnelly, Oxford cricket and Rugby Blue, who remains the world's best at batting "the wrong way round" and who fields cover-point like Jack Hobbs. Another selection may be Jack Martin, the Kent amateur. Cartilage trouble, now put right, prevented his selection for the Australian tour last autumn.

From Yorkshire comes a "long-shot" in Ron Aspinall. Middlesex can put forward Laurie Gray, ex-military policeman. Many critics agree that Middlesex have the best young left-arm slow bowler available in Young.

Among others whose names come to mind are Harold Gimblett, idolized down Somerset way; Dollery of Warwickshire; Eric Hollies, Dollery's clubmate and a fine spin bowler; Jim Laker, a Yorkshireman on Surrey's staff, who took some cheap wickets on the heart-breaking Oval pitch at the back-end of last season.

So much for the "trial run" team that may boost our stock when the Australians arrive next year. But does this answer the problem of a long-range term for English cricket? I think not.

Until we can make conditions in professional cricket more attractive to the youngster we cannot hope to replace the giants of yesterday.

In other departments of sport, the chances come thick and fast, the rewards are tempting. We might bring professional cricket at least a little into line. Then only will we give youth the inducement to put English cricket back to the place where it belongs.

Right off the mat and on the map.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Showing Your Feelings

CONSTANCE COLLIER, that grand old actress who has returned to England from Hollywood, was talking to me the other day about Charlie Chaplin. "I have known him since he was eighteen," she said, "and what I admire most about him is that he has always had the courage of his sentiment. That is why his 'Little Man' made such a world-wide appeal. The world always responds to sentiment, and Charlie was never afraid of it."

She was right on both grounds. It does take courage to display sentiment, even to admit it: but there is no bigger need in the world today.

What the world loves is to be made to laugh—and to cry. What people hunger for is ordinary human emotion, openly displayed, honestly admitted, without other people making them feel there is something to be ashamed of in such things.

Plays, films, books. . . It is those that deal with genuine sentiment that appeal every time. It is those to which the word "human" can be applied that turn up winners.

It always seems queer to me that anyone should think sentiment is something to suppress and hide. For what is sentiment after all but a capacity for appreciating and sharing other people's joys and sorrows?

IN RADIO

On the way is a radio innovation which should end "crackling," give wider choice of stations and make local broadcasting as familiar as local newspapers

ONE EVENING, within ten years, you are going to sit down by your new radio and tune in to a choice of twenty English stations. Each one will be completely free from interference and able to reproduce speech and music with a clarity you have never yet heard from a loudspeaker.

This is not a dream, but a reality assured by the news that the B.B.C. has ordered its first 25-kilowatt F.M. transmitter.

F.M. are the two initials that are revolutionizing radio in America and will do so here. They stand for Frequency Modulation, which means variation of the *frequency* by modulation of the carrier wave, instead of varying its amplitude (A.M.) as at present, when we have to increase power for greater noise; in the new system the power remains constant and all that needs increasing is the speed of the wave's vibration.

Frequency Modulation was invented and patented in 1933, after twenty years of research, by Dr. Edwin H. Armstrong, Professor of Electrical Engineering at Columbia University. It was used experimentally until Pearl Harbour, when it was adapted for war purposes and proved its worth as a short-range broadcasting system, particularly in tank warfare. The end of hostilities started an F.M. boom in the States.

There are three main drawbacks to the present A.M. system. The B.B.C. had a great idea, the Third Programme; whether or not you like it is a personal matter, but you are paying for it and should be able to hear it. The snag is that Latvia also uses the same wavelength, 514.6 metres. For years between the wars, L'Union Internationale de Radiodiffusion failed—inevitably—to allocate the few available wavelengths to every nation's satisfaction. There were just not enough places on the dial. So the first drawback to A.M. is chronic overcrowding—without any hope of castles in the air.

Secondly, when you are tuned to a station on your A.M. set waiting for a programme to begin, is your loudspeaker really silent? Or isn't there a roar—quite a loud roar, relative to the silence on the "dead" parts of the waveband. This indicates that you are at a "live" station. It is called "static" and stays there throughout every programme, greatly detracting from the purity of sound.

The third drawback to A.M. is that, although normal hearing stretches from 16 to 16,000 cycles per second, ordinary wireless receivers have an approximate range of only 100 to 6,000 cycles. All sounds, high and low, either side of these limits are lost, not even musical instruments being able to transmit their full range. That is what accounts for the difference between hearing an orchestra in a good concert hall and hearing it at home.

F.M.'s answers to these three drawbacks are: (1) interference is cut to one-twentieth, thus allowing twenty times the number of stations; (2) F.M. secures complete silence when your radio set is turned on in between items; (3) its noise range is virtually the same as the human ear's, thus embracing all sounds, high or low, heard by human beings.

Commercial Invasion?

The cost of an F.M. station is not high; for a ceiling of £6,000 the best transmitting equipment can be obtained. A single station cannot cover a range of more than fifty miles, but it can be linked to other stations quite easily. Plans are advanced to cover the whole of the United States, except the Rocky Mountain rural areas, with three thousand stations. Over here only a fraction of this number would be needed.

Who wants a radio station of their own?

"We do!" shout a hundred contenders. Loudest and most insistent are the commercial advertisers. At present barred from the air in Britain by public policy and by the simple fact that there are not enough frequencies to go round, they may now reply: "Let us have some F.M. stations and we will pay you enough to reduce the income tax. We will provide better programmes. We will sell time to the biggest bidders, who will put on shows unlike anything the pauper B.B.C. can afford."

They conveniently forget to mention they would also provide "commercials" between the programmes—plugs, spots, jingles and courtesy announcements; that, in their effort to catch the widest audience, they would put on programmes of the lowest cultural level. Anything smacking of intelligence would be ruthlessly cut out.

The advertisers have naturally been given F.M. priority in the U.S., but there are a number of other interested licence holders. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is building a chain of stations, the Jehovah's Witnesses have their station in New York, and the town of Cleveland broadcasts lessons for its 115 schools from eight o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. In Canada, at Ontario's Collegiate Institute, high school students have constructed their own studios.

Over here, all sorts of exciting stations could be established. There could be a university station, broadcasting long lectures and complete courses; industry might want a full-time "Music While You Work" to be used at the discretion of individual factories; the Church would be able to have its own spot on the dial where the tired listener might always be certain of comfort and peace.

For economy's sake a frequency could be shared by housewives during the day and, perhaps, sports-lovers at night. Another sharing could be between schools in the daytime, adult classes in the evening.

Obviously every town of any size will want its own transmitter, which would act in the same relationship to the local newspaper as the B.B.C. does to national journals. Besides local news and announcements, Anytown's Radio Station could produce features and talks about local events and history, plays and stories by local authors; it could give some of its time to encouraging native musical and dramatic talent.

For All Tastes

There are two paths for the B.B.C. One is to allocate a chain to each of its main departments—Classical Music, Drama, Variety, Talks, Light Music, Features, and News. Then the listener could arrange to hear whatever he fancied whenever he wished. Part of the time would be devoted to new programmes, and the rest given to repeats of previous broadcasts. Recordings sound much better over F.M. than at present, when they have to contend with double static, their own as well as the sound wave's.

This functional division would suit the readers of the *Radio Times*. They could spend a happy, frantic hour each day planning their evening's listening from a choice of a score of simultaneous programmes.

An alternative more likely to be adopted is a division of programmes based on listeners' tastes; one may be a slightly more serious Light Programme, another a jollier Third, and so on. Then the man in the easy chair could switch on his radio and leave it going until bedtime at the station catering for his interests without constant dial-switching.

In all this there is one snag for you and me. Our present radio sets will not pick up F.M. broadcasts and we shall have to buy others, which are not yet cheap. So far British manufacturers have not produced an F.M. set, but in America a combination A.M.-F.M. radio costs over £50, plus the price of the special aerial that is necessary.

Expensive, but it looks as though it will be worth saving up for.

ELKAN ALLAN

as I was saying

by Herbert Hodge

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR

SPEAKING AS ONE OF THE MILLIONS who started out in life at the bottom of the social ladder, in the ranks of the horny-handed, I can't help feeling a certain grim amusement as I watch the effect of the present economic crises upon some of my middle-class friends.

At last—at long last—I believe they're beginning to realize that the men and women who do the hard, productive labour, in the mines, fields and factories, are people who really matter.

I suppose I shall get the usual batch of angry letters, accusing me of class bias and inverted snobbery, for saying that. My middle-class friends often tell me it's my one great fault as a writer.

We live in a democratic society, they tell me, where all men and women are social equals; and to write as I do, suggesting that the manual worker is still often regarded as a lower form of life, is deliberately stirring up class hatred.

I disagree—on both counts. Looking back over the last thirty or forty years, I can see a steady progress toward *economic* equality. Nowadays, we all eat much the same food and wear much the same clothes.

I don't think there's ever been a time in our history when goods and services were more fairly distributed. But we're still a long way from *social* equality.

We don't, as a nation, treat the navvy, for instance, with the same respect as we treat the insurance agent. Nor do we show to the farm or factory worker anything like the deference we show to, say, a radio announcer.

Yet as one who has been a navvy, and a farm and factory worker, and has also done some of the more respected white-collar jobs, it seems to me that, if any man is deserving of more respect than another, it's the man who does the heavy and dirty job—especially as he often does it under far less pleasant conditions, for less material reward.

Human Beings, Not Robots

I was greatly impressed by a recent Sunday evening B.B.C. postcript — given by an agricultural worker. He said that what the modern worker on the land demanded was simply social justice.

It wasn't so much higher wages, shorter hours, paid holidays and the rest—though, of course, he felt he was entitled to as high a standard of life as any other worker. But what he really wanted was something that I call social equality—the right to be regarded as a thinking, feeling, human being, and not merely as a non-thinking "hand."

It was a treat to hear someone saying what I've so often felt myself—and what nearly every manual worker has felt in his heart.

And the one really good thing about the present critical situation, to my mind, is that it may compel both officialdom and management to recognize this human need.

We're in a hole and we've got to get out of it. The only way out is to work our way out. More workers have got to be attracted, or persuaded, into the hard and heavy productive jobs. We've all got to produce more. It we don't, we're sunk. Everybody can see that now.

But the problem of how to do it still remains. How are we to be persuaded to work harder? What's the incentive? There can be little or no extra material reward, at the moment, to lure us on. The country simply hasn't got it. And as for driving us on—the threat of the "sack" is no longer the powerful weapon it used to be.

So the situation of both officialdom and management is rather like that of the man in the song: "I can't give you anything but love, baby."

If only they *could* give us love—or the human understanding and respect that grow out of love—why, then, we might soon see the end of all our economic troubles!

How To Get Goodwill

At all events, as I see it, the whole future of our country now depends mainly on the individual worker's goodwill—depends precisely on how much he (or she) can be encouraged to behave as a responsible human being, and how little as an irresponsible "hand."

Of course, this doesn't apply only to the manual workers. It applies to workers of all kinds. There's many an office where the clerks are treated as much like brainless robots as any manual worker.

And that's the point. It's the way we're treated *on the job* that counts. It isn't enough to call us intelligent voters at election time, or to remind us of our human responsibilities in parliamentary speeches or canteen pep talks—if, on the job, we are still treated as mutton-headed clods.

A motor manufacturer was reported as saying, not long ago, that his shop stewards are now demanding an interest in management. "Why should they have an interest?" he asked.

Well, why shouldn't they? Why shouldn't all workers have an interest in management? Surely that's the only way we can hope to increase production—by encouraging every worker, from the floor sweeper to the managing director, to take an intelligent interest in the whole process.

I'm under no illusions about this. I know there are plenty of workers who'd never dream of taking an intelligent interest in management—just as there are many managers who never think of taking a human interest in their workers.

But in every firm you'll find a large number of conscientious workers who would *like* to take an interest in the wider aspects of their job—if only they were allowed to. When they are not allowed to, they feel thwarted and unhappy, and so begin to hate everything connected with their work.

And that's the feeling in the minds of all too many of our best workers at the moment. That's the feeling we've got to overcome, if ever we're going to put our country on its feet again. For it's the conscientious worker, the more intelligent worker, who sets the pace for all the rest.

★ ★ ★ **Herbert Hodge, author and taxi driver, draws on a wide experience of men and things for his commentary each week**

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

Roads

BRITAIN'S ROAD MILEAGE has only increased to 180,500 from 174,000 in 1899. But in that period traffic has increased enormously—three million cars and ten million bicycles, for instance. According to one estimate, a busy five per cent of our road mileage carries eighty per cent of our traffic.

★ ★ ★

Our ten-year plan for new roads was announced last May. The first two years—repair of war damage, and maintenance arrears; the next three years—new motor roads where development schemes make them urgently necessary; and then, in the last five years, a complete reconstruction of our trunk roads.

★ ★ ★

The whole plan may cost £500,000,000. Estimated bill for 1946 was about £80,000,000. Arrears of surface repairs alone probably exceeded £45,000,000. Machinery used in airfield construction speeds the work. There have been some fifty A.F.s (asphalt finishers) on the job. With each of these, four men can lay 440 yards of thirty-foot road in a day.

★ ★ ★

In Germany 250,000 workers completed 1,000 miles of autobahnen in little more than two years. Buses averaged from fifty to seventy miles an hour on these speed tracks. A small M.G. car did 200 m.p.h. over a stretch near Leipzig. Constant speed saved fuel. Accidents were one fifth of the old figures.

★ ★ ★

Rights of pedestrians are a serious problem in the age of speed. There were no legal pavements till 1835, when the Highways Act forbade riding on the footpath or the driving of carriages, trucks or sledges on it. An act of 1888 laid down that tricycles, bicycles and velocipedes (foot-propelled four-wheelers) counted as carriages.

★ ★ ★

In 1860, in Clifton, an irate old gentleman tried to push a nursemaid with perambulator off the footpath, alleging the pram had no right there. The court decided in favour of the perambulator. But be careful—in Eastbourne in 1934 two women who had pushed their prams abreast were fined for obstruction.

★ ★ ★

How can pedestrians cross the modern traffic stream? In 1939 a bridge cost about £1,000, a subway more than £4,000. But few used the bridges. Subways were more popular—you go down first forgetting the climb at the other end.

★ ★ ★

One plan is to build city pavements at first-storey level, leaving the whole street for traffic. When necessary, part of the ground floor of shops might be taken to widen streets. One thing is clear: London traffic is near saturation point. There are twenty private cars (average load less than two) to every bus.

★ ★ ★

New roads could be built on steel and concrete platforms above railway lines. For instance, why not a through road to the Kingston by-pass above the Southern Railway from Waterloo? Why not a road across London on a huge bridge from Blackheath to Highgate Hill? Bristol has a plan for rebuilding its blitzed shopping centre with roads high above ground level, serving tiers of shops.

★ ★ ★

The Road Research Station at Harmondsworth freezes, bakes and soaks specimen surfaces, pounding them with devices imitating traffic wear. A ten-ton lorry means 1,000 lb. pressure per square inch of track. Roads should be built to stand five times that. On a modern concrete road wear should not be more than cigarette paper thickness a year.

★ ★ ★

For roads, the alternatives are bold planning or chaos. Restrictions don't work—as Richard II found out in 1377 when he imposed the first speed limit, a law forbidding London carters to go faster empty than when loaded.

THE Enchanted LEOPARD

by JAN PRETORIUS

The evidence pointed to a leopard as the killer, but the natives believed that its brain was that of a man. Had civilization merely scratched the surface of superstition and evil tribal customs?

N'Gorou watched me almost scornfully. "You go to extremes with your trap," he said

I WAS FOLLOWING A WOUNDED elephant near the native village of Tonga, in the Uele district of the Belgian Congo. The villagers soon got wind of my hunt and when I had killed the beast, almost within sight of some coffee hills that they were cultivating, the chief came out to meet me.

He was wearing a pair of shorts and a sun helmet, and he strode ahead of one of his men, apparently a servant in his household, who bore on his head a tray holding a bottle of whisky and glasses. Under his arms the man carried at the same time two camp stools and a collapsible table.

I had heard talk of N'Gorou, which was the name of this chief. A tall, powerfully built man with the look of an ancient ruler in his face, and with the golden brown skin peculiar to his tribe, he had been only twenty when the *controlleur* of his district had taken him out of a mission school near Stanleyville and placed him in charge of the village, which in earlier years had been the headquarters of a cannibal empire.

N'Gorou, everybody said, had done a wonderful job with the village. The natives had a look of pride and confidence in themselves that you don't often see in the French and Belgian parts of Africa. This village of Tonga, which only about ten years before had been reduced by hunger and disease to a grouping of less than fifty huts, had now become a paramount village of more than 100 huts, with a guest house for European travellers and a crew of men to maintain the road which ran in front of it.

I was pleased, therefore, to meet N'Gorou and, when he reached me through the high grass, I put out my hand.

"Well, I'm very glad you killed him," he said, nodding towards the elephant. "That old fellow has done a lot of damage around here."

I told N'Gorou that half the ivory was his, since I had killed the elephant on his land, but he would not accept it. "You worked for it," he said. "Keep it." I had no trouble, however, in persuading him to take the meat for his people, and while his men were cutting up the elephant, a very large one, we sat in the shade of a wild fig tree to enjoy the whisky.

N'Gorou was certainly an intelligent and, in some ways, a cultivated man. We talked about the price of ivory and about the future of cotton-growing in the Uele district and about the new road that was being pushed up from Bouta. He spoke excellent French, and just inside the collar of his shirt I could see one of those chains that they give natives at the missions to hold religious emblems or medallions.

By sundown the elephant had been reduced to massive bones, a heap of undigested food and about 400 square feet of blood-soaked earth. My own men had taken the ivory into the village, and when we saw that there were only about fifty more baskets of meat left we decided to go along also.

We got up from our chairs, which N'Gorou's servant folded up and put on his head together with the table and tray and glassware, and trailed along behind a long file of men and women who were carrying meat to the village.

A SCREAM startled us. At once I knew what it meant. It was for that very reason that I had stayed near the elephant while it was being cut up. The smell of blood travels a long way in Africa, and big jungle cats cannot resist it. I had been somewhat surprised, in fact, that I had not got a shot at one before we started back to the village.

We hurried along the path that had been made through the high grass and finally, in the midst of a crowd of excited natives, we found a man. He was dead. His stomach had been laid open by the beast's hind claws.

The thing that amazed me, though, were the actions of N'Gorou's men. In most Congo villages death at the claws of a leopard is accepted with a kind of philosophical calm. A leopard to them is like a flood or a stroke of lightning or some other natural phenomenon. He kills as though he had been destined to kill and there is no use in making too great a fuss about it.

But these natives of N'Gorou's village seemed insane with rage. Hundreds of them, with only sticks and wood in their hands, were beating the grass in every direction.

Even the women joined in the hunt, and when I remarked to N'Gorou that their efforts were useless and that the leopard might now be a mile or so from where we were standing, he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"What can you do?" he said. "They are only ignorant savages. To them that leopard is more than a leopard. Some of them saw the beast with their own eyes, but they still believe that when night comes he has the brain and cunning of a man and that it will be impossible to kill him. They are trying to find him and kill him now, while there is still light and before he is transformed."

Twenty years of hunting in Africa had made me understand such superstition.

"Has he killed many people in your village, that particular leopard?" I asked.

"A dozen in the last year or so," N'Gorou replied.

"Can't you catch him?"

N'Gorou made a wry face. "I think it would be easier," he said, "to catch a wily man. He attacks when you least expect him, sometimes in the village in broad daylight. He's an uncanny beast."

I had always hated leopards. They are cunning, vicious, cowardly. They will kill simply for the joy of killing. But their cleverness is a challenge, and because the killer that afternoon had been represented to me as a particularly clever beast, I decided to get him. He would return—of that I was positive. Some time that night he would come back to eat what he had killed.

Before dark that evening my trap was finished. The body of the man who had been killed lay within a vault formed by posts the thickness of my arm, and since the natives themselves did not object to our using the body for that purpose I could feel no great qualms myself. After all, our object was to kill the leopard, and if a dead man could be the means of saving other lives—well, the experiment was worth it.

THE trap itself was simple. The leopard would enter between two walls of poles, intending to get at the corpse. Once inside, the weight of his body tripped an overhead log heavily weighted with stones. If his back was not broken by the log, he could not get out since, at the same time, a door closed down over the entrance of this alleyway.

N'Gorou had helped me make it and he had worked with a good deal of enthusiasm.

"What do you think of it?" I asked him.

He shrugged. He had his doubts.

"Why?" I asked him. "It's simple. It works perfectly."

But it was not until that night, when we had returned to the village and were watching from his veranda a celebration over the killing of the elephant, that he told me what he thought.

"You don't understand the leopard," he said. "And I don't entirely understand the beasts myself. I have spent days watching them. I have seen them kill. And the more I see of them the less certain I am of ever catching one like this. Imagine an animal that will do this: You are lying in your hut ready for sleep. It is still outside, so still that you can hear the dropping of a leaf.

There seems to be nothing alive and stirring within fifty kilometres. Yet there is a leopard near you, and if there is a movement of air you can smell him. He has a musty, heavy odour, something like

a snake's. He is lying outside, close to the wall of your hut, as close to your bed as he can get. If you reached out and pressed against the wall you could feel him. He knows you are awake. He is listening to your breathing. He is waiting for you to fall asleep."

N'Gorou paused, smiling at at me.

"What then?" I asked him.

"You never really know. If you fall asleep you may be awakened by a light scratching on your wall or at your door. You may think it is a mouse. It is a kind of gnawing sound."

"Can't you shoot through the wall?"

There was a flicker of amusement in his eyes. "Maybe it *is* a mouse.

"The leopard you are trying to catch," he went on, "is particularly cunning. I shouldn't wonder if he saw every post of your trap being set in place."

The celebration over the elephant was still going on when I returned to the guest house near the road. With the exception of N'Gorou and my gunbearer, I think I was the only one in the village who was not gorging himself on meat or sleeping with a swollen belly. I sat up for a while thinking over what had happened, and then, at about midnight, I started down the trail toward the trap.

It was a foolish thing to do. The smell of meat in itself was enough to have drawn leopards for miles around. Moreover, it was quite dark. Once I was positive that I heard steps behind me, the kind a leopard makes when he has been running and stops short.

I reached the trap to find that the door and the big log had fallen. But there was no leopard inside. He had not been caught. He had entered—the native's body, still in the vault, lacked a leg. There was no explaining how the leopard had entered. I waited for daylight. When it came, it left me more puzzled than ever. Paw marks were everywhere. The outside of the trap had been clawed to shreds—the way a leopard will claw a trap.

RESETTING the trap, I concealed the trigger that let down the door and log. N'Gorou, accompanied by a number of his men, came up as I was considering the placement of a rifle, to be fired by the trap trigger. He watched me without comment.

"What do you think of it?" I asked when I had finished.

"It might work."

"You still don't think I'll catch him?"

N'Gorou looked at me almost scornfully. "You go to extremes with your trap," he said quietly. "Why not give the body a decent burial and be finished with this thing? The leopard will be caught or he will not be caught. At least, he will some day die."

His criticism was a just one. Coming from the son of a cannibal, it made me feel guiltier than I already felt. But I had gone too far to stop. I told him that this would be my last attempt; his brief "very well" settled things, and we went back to the village for lunch.

"I'm going away for a couple of days," he said as we were eating a dessert of canned peaches that he had provided. "In case you leave before I return, I have arranged for porters to help you back with your ivory."

About an hour later, dressed in a suit of white ducks, he bicycled past my hut on his way to the main road.

I was sorry to see him go.

The whole experience so far had been distasteful, excluding knowing him. Now the sky was overcast and the natives had become silent. You could hear the scraping of a pot at the far end of the village, the slow cluck of a chicken. I was drugged that day with the heat, yet in spurts and flashes I was checking over every detail of the trap's construction. I decided to play doubly safe in N'Gorou's absence—to conceal a second gun near the trap so that any tampering with the first gun would automatically discharge the second.

There was just the possibility that the leopard, prowling around the trap, might discharge the first gun before he entered the trap. It seemed to me that I had now thought of everything.

I got up immediately, took my elephant gun and went down to the trap. I concealed the elephant gun with the sights aligned about the same as the first rifle. I concealed the cord that led to its trigger from the trap. At the village, upon returning, I gave warning that nobody under any circumstances was to go near the trap until the following morning.

There was no sleep for me that night. From sunset on I walked the trail, waiting for the heavy boom of my elephant gun or the crack of the rifle to tell me that this time I had succeeded.

Towards midnight a light rain began to fall. I turned in, leaving my gunbearer on watch. I lay awake, listening to the rain pattering on the leaves.

Then came the shot—and it was my elephant gun! The natives were calling to one another. Shoulders and thighs glistened everywhere as my men and I hurried across the compound and ran down the trail.

WE approached nervously. We listened. There was no sound. The trap, by lamplight, stood exactly as I had left it. The discharged rifle was still securely bound to the posts I had concealed in the high grass.

"He's been hit," my gunbearer said. "He's been hit!"

We unbound the guns. There was no telling how badly hit he might be, how close he might be. Without daylight and men from the village to aid us in tracking and beating, we were unable to move. Then we saw firebrands on the trail, and the natives from the village came up slowly and called out.

"There's blood here," my gunbearer told them, and he explained what had happened.

But they were suspicious, uneasy. They talked excitedly among themselves, and when dawn came they refused to take up the trail.

"They say it's a leopard bewitched," my gunbearer said, "a man transformed into a leopard."

"Nonsense," I cried, "tell them to spread out and beat the grass. Tell them I'll get N'Gorou after them!"

But as I spoke an excited group beckoned me to look in the grass nearby. There were leopard tracks; there were bloodstains. But also, plainly visible, there was the imprint of a human hand.

A FEW yards farther on it showed again. Then it was lost, and only the leopard tracks, deeply imprinted in the soft earth, disappeared into the jungle.

I started in alone, and all that I had ever learned or heard about leopards was at that time completely useless to me, for I had never in all my years as a hunter followed a leopard that avoided thickets, waded through swamps and stopped to bind leaves over his wounds.

I came to know almost without glancing at the tracks in the earth where to turn, where to short cut, for this was the kind of trail that I, myself, would have made in going through a jungle.

And I hurried, for by this time I had a pretty clear idea of the kind of leopard I was hunting. I remembered what I had heard and seen of the so-called leopard men, who in many parts of Africa remain organized for purposes of cannibalism.

Soon I came upon human footprints, and then, in an open spot in the jungle, where there was little or no undergrowth, I found a sandal made from a leopard's foot and one of the iron claws which such men wear on their hands to give an appearance of realism to their depredations and possibly even to convince themselves, in their madness, that they *are* leopards.

I did not expect to find N'Gorou. Even though he had been born into a tribe of cannibals and certainly, in his early youth, had seen a good deal of cannibalism, I had been convinced, like others, that he had outgrown that depraved tendency. Civilization surely had been powerful enough to drive from his being any such craving.

But I did find N'Gorou. He was in a swamp, he was covered with blood, and he was leaning against a raffia palm. He was alive, he was watching me, and there was a look in his eyes that I hope never again to see in the eyes of any man.

N'Gorou died a few days later. He died in his own hut after a Belgian doctor had come up from Bouta to dress his wound. But he had not spoken a word to anybody since we brought him out of the swamp, and I believe that he died of shame—of shame and a broken heart.

with my feet up · by ian fox

I Spy . . .

IT WAS A GREAT PLEASURE, the other day, to run into my old friend, Irma del Monico, the well-known international spy.

"*Ach, mein ami!*" she greeted me. "This is indeed a pleasure. *Je suis enchantée. Cómo está usted?*"

"Hello, Irma," I said, trying to keep pace.

"But you must certainly come to my flat for a drink. I have a drugged wine I want to try on someone."

"Thanks," I said. "Let's go to a pub."

"*Oh, la,* you do not trust me, *mein freund.* But I have in my bag a little tablet which I just pop into your beer, and *pouf!* You are atomized."

"Good lord! Where did you get it?"

"*Amérique.* I was stealing the plans of plutonium mines for *les adorables* Russians. But in return I intercepted the messages from Russia to their representatives at all the big international conferences."

"Oh! What did they say?"

"It was boring. They said always 'No!' . . ."

★ ★ ★

"Would you like to see the plans of the moon rocket, *mein petit chou?*"

"Aren't they in a secret safe?"

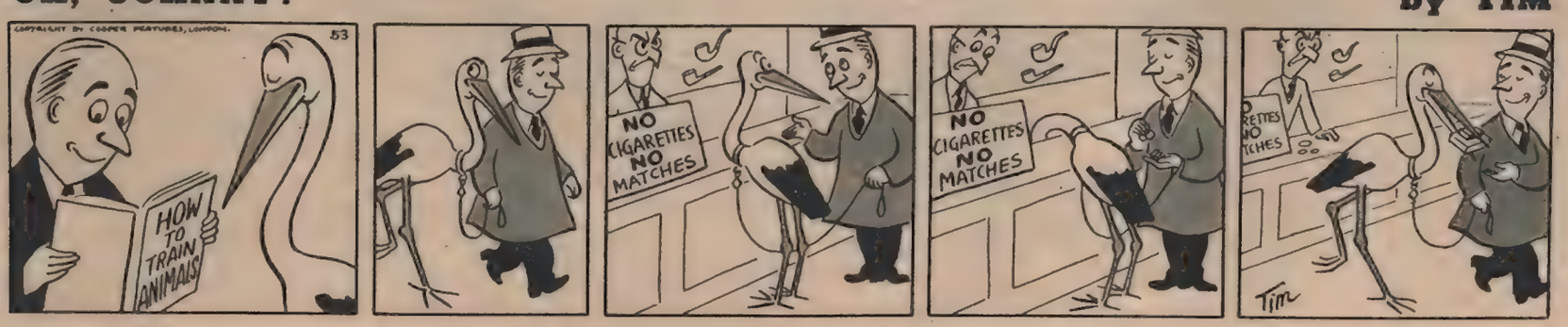
"*Nej, nej, min vennen.* They are here, where we spies keep all *les papiers*—in our bosoms. But stay, let me introduce you to that old man selling bootlaces. It is Count von Bludblister, head of the Deutsche Untergrund Movement."

"I have to see a man. . . ."

"Oh! So have I. *Ich habe ein* appointment *con el hombre* who is giving me two mink coats *pour les secrets du* rocket. *Adios!*"

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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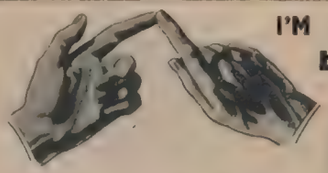

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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

HARMONY IS THE KEYNOTE as HOAGY CARMICHAEL, at the piano, accompanies FREDRIC MARCH, MYRNA LOY, DANA ANDREWS, TERESA WRIGHT and VIRGINIA MAYO in SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "The Best Years of Our Lives". People are raving about its warmth, drama and comedy which make it one of the greatest pictures of all time.

A LAUGHING MATTER. Producer-director FRANK CAPRA and star JIMMY STEWART find an amusing moment on the set of "It's a Wonderful Life". It's a wonderful show about wonderful people. JIMMY STEWART is co-starred with lovely DONNA REED. LIONEL BARRYMORE, THOMAS MITCHELL and other favourites are in the supporting cast.

FAMED IN STORY, now filmed in technicolor, is WALT DISNEY'S happiest and greatest production "SONG OF THE SOUTH", including the Uncle Remus tales of Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear. The Tar Baby scene shows Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear's sinister delight at Br'er Rabbit's plight. "SONG OF THE SOUTH" also has those six hit tunes heading Britain's song list.

BOLD INTRIGUE. CARY GRANT (as a man of adventure) and INGRID BERGMAN (as beautiful as ever) pause in a tense scene which comes from the directorial hand of ALFRED HITCHCOCK in RKO's rightly acclaimed production "Notorious". The new film also features CLAUDE RAINS in a leading role.

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RKO RADIO PICTURES

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

FIT TO WORK, FIT TO VOTE

AS A MEMBER of a trade union young workers' committee, I mix with a cross-section of youth ranging from technical students to factory operatives.

I am, as a result, convinced that the sound common sense and generally unbiassed views of these adults of tomorrow should be recognized by giving them the vote at eighteen.

Too long have we been told that we must build tomorrow's world while the actual pattern of our lives is formed by an electorate comprising the youth of yesterday and last century.—FRED. W. GOSTELOW (aged twenty), 7 Cowley Road, Greet, Birmingham 11.

Rule of the Stupid

DEMOCRACY WILL ALWAYS mean the rule of the stupid majority until we cut down the electorate to men and women over forty who have mature views.

What can we expect now when the vote of some young dance hall hanger-on carries as much weight as that of a trained craftsman or a university professor?—NORMAN HUGHES, Kinnaird Avenue, London, W.4.

Wanted: Brains Coalition

BEST WAY TO DEAL with our present troubles is to form a Government with the ablest brains in the country recruited from all parties.

The Socialists could have their best men as Ministers, with support from organized labour. The Opposition could make a valuable contribution by providing outstanding leaders of great Parliamentary and administrative skill.

If such a coalition could come about, the country would find the right incentive for co-operative efforts.—T. THORNTON-BERRY, J.P., Leyburn, Yorks.

Love on Probation

WHY NOT AN engagement licence? Too many young people rush into matrimony without really getting to know each other. This would be remedied if they had to register their engagement and then were not allowed to marry until a certain time had elapsed.

Registration would not be legally binding and an engagement could be dissolved without notification. But it would make marriages less chancy affairs.

And in this age of form-filling another form would not hurt—M. B. WEAVER, 12 Sandon Road, Newton Park, Chester.

Yes, Farm Work is Fun

AS A FARM WORKER I would welcome more articles like "Farmwork Could Be Fun" (JOHN BULL, March 15). I am sure that if more publicity were given to the advantages of working on the land we should not be faced with our present labour shortage.

I have been a landworker since the age of fifteen and, after being in the Forces, have returned to farming. I have tried other jobs, but for me ten, eleven and up to fourteen hours a day in the open air pass twice as quickly as eight hours at other supposedly better jobs.

I am not tied to a mill hooter or to a bus timetable and, whatever the weather, I and my mates are always cheerful.—DERRICK NORMANTON, Slater Ing Farm, Heptenstall, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire.

Ghoulish Business

WITH ITS ELABORATE, expensive and over-ornate ceremonial, the funeral industry has become a millstone round our necks.

How much longer are we to countenance this ghoulish profit-making from the sorrows of the bereaved?

There should be a nation-wide chain of State-owned crematoria. This would avoid the hardship often caused by funeral expenses and the waste of valuable land now used for cemeteries.—S. C. P., Cranbrook, Kent. (Name and address supplied.)

Unknown, Unsung

I AM AN UNKNOWN British song writer and therefore apparently a person of no consequence in this country.

But I would like to ask the money-mad people who have made the song-writing business what it is today—and the public—whether they will ever wake up and give a little support to those who live and work in their midst—instead of to writers who have never set foot in the country.—ALAN E. GOODRIDGE, Wootton Heath, New Milton, Hants.

Flats and Divorce

BELIEVING THAT ONLY A HOUSE can make an ideal home, I am sorry to see big blocks of flats taking their place, especially for married people.

I suspect there is a close and largely unsuspected connection between the high rate of divorce in America and the artificial custom of living in flats. Some statistical research in this field might prove socially valuable.—JOHN RICHARDS, Bodiam, Sussex.

Junior's Ensemble

WHEN I WAS IN THE ARMY I thought "full marching order" was the limit in clothing complications.

But since dressing and undressing my three-year-old son I have become convinced that the Army issue is child's play compared with the hectic maze of buttons

"...hectic maze of buttonholes"

and buttonholes he carries about with him.

They are all in the most unlikely places and have to be fastened in the right order; otherwise there is chaos.—D. GRAHAM, Sutton, Surrey.

Life's Grand—Or is It?

H. WELCH'S LETTER "Life's Grand, Thanks" (JOHN BULL, March 15), prompts me to describe my own position.

I have three children, aged two, eight and eleven, and have been unemployed for the past eight months owing to a disability for which I was discharged from H.M. Forces without a pension after twelve years as a regular and six years in the Territorials.

My income is as follows: 28s. unemployment benefit and 10s. family allowance—which makes a total of 38s. a week to keep my family fed and clothed and to keep a roof over our heads.

The children get no free meals, clothing or footwear, yet we manage somehow. But I wonder if Mr. Welch would still think life grand under these circumstances.—J. MAIR, 7 Furnace Street, Bowling Back Lane, Bradford.

Skeleton—But no Feast

IN HIS ARTICLE "Skeleton at the (American) Feast" (JOHN BULL, March 22), Herbert Hodge says: "Britain is an extraordinarily happy country at this moment."

Mr. Hodge, I believe, is a Socialist, but that is no excuse for writing something which is obviously untrue. The country is getting tired of eating the scantiest of rations while America gorges.

I do not think many Socialists are "extraordinarily happy" about our food situation or anything else. — RONALD MOSS, "Hertfordshire Arms," St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts.

*** Herbert Hodge did add: "... we could certainly do with a great deal more material comfort than we are getting."—EDITOR.

Inside the Loaf

CUTTING A LOAF OF BREAD, I was amazed to find a paint brush inside. I hurried to the place where I bought it, but my indignation vanished when I heard the baker had been searching all over the place for his brush. — F. T., Bowness Avenue, Didcot, Berks.

Nazis Could Never Have Won

IN JOHN BULL'S "Know the Germans" series (March 29), Milton Shulman, writing of Germany's professionally trained military caste, declared: "... in addition to helping their Fuehrer make grandiose mistakes which lost them the war *when it should have been won* (my italics), they also committed tactical errors of their own. ..."

Victory was never possible for Germany, and Milton Shulman's inference is unjustified.

Even prior to Dunkirk the R.A.F. had the better of the Luftwaffe in France, and in the Battle of Britain, the Germans were absolutely defeated in the air. Never afterwards did the Luftwaffe give a glimpse of beating the R.A.F.—Rear-Admiral A. C. RANSOM, Ilsham Road, Torquay.

Enjoyable Priestley...

I AM A FORMER LONDONER who has lived in Western Australia for many years. I get JOHN BULL regularly and greatly enjoy Priestley's page.

And everyone who sees your paper out here agrees that colour printing has improved it.—MRS. E. L. DAVIES, 14 Richmond Street, N. Perth, Western Australia.

Smug Priestley ...

YEARS AGO I READ and very much enjoyed *The Good Companions* and other works by J. B. Priestley, but today, in his broadcasting and writing, there is such an air of smug satisfaction and so much dogmatism that I cannot stand him. — F. E. LANE, Tan-y-Garreg, Gwernaffield, Mold, Flintshire.

...Plato for Preference

SO J. B. PRIESTLEY does not like Plato's point of view (JOHN BULL, March 15). Plato's ideal republic he dismisses as a totalitarian horror and concludes: "On the whole, I suspect the influence of Plato to have been bad rather than good."

On the whole, I suspect posterity will adjudge Plato a wiser man than Priestley. — WILLIAM PAINTER, 270 Sutherland Avenue, Welling, Kent.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

Dr. Brewer, compiler of the famous dictionary, listed the wonders of the ancient world in rhyme; how many can you fill in correctly?

The . . . first, which in Egypt were laid;
Then . . .'s . . . for Amytis made;
Third, . . .'s Tomb of affection and guilt;
Fourth, the Temple of . . . in Ephesus built;
Fifth, . . . of . . ., cast in brass, to the Sun;
Sixth, . . .'s statue, by Phidias done;
The . . . of Egypt, last wonder of old;
Or the Palace of . . ., cemented with gold.

COMIC VERSE

(1) Edward Lear wrote a long poem asking "Who or why, or which, or what is the Akond of Swat?" Do you know the answer? (2) Can you complete Belloc's "I'm tired of love, I'm still more tired of rhyme . . ."? (3) Under what name did Charles Lutwidge Dodgson write famous comic verse? (4) What happened when the mad dog bit Goldsmith's good man of Islington? (5) "The rain it raineth on the just and also on the unjust fella, but chiefly on the just, because . . ."; why?

INTRUDERS

Each of these groups contains one item which belongs to a different category from the others; can you spot it? (1) St. Helena, Ireland, Switzerland, Ceylon, Iceland. (2) Churchill, Eden, Macmillan, Crookshank, Alexander. (3) *Titus Andronicus, The Alchemist, Timon of Athens, Twelfth Night, Cymbeline.* (4) Chess, draughts, piquet, German whist, dominoes: (5) Margot Fonteyn, Deborah Kerr, Wendy Hiller, Jean Simmonds, Patricia Roc.

ASSASSINATIONS

(1) The Fascist killers of a famous Italian Socialist have been brought to justice after twenty-three years; what was the victim's name? (2) Whose assassination was the spark that set Europe alight in 1914? (3) In what circumstances was Dollfuss killed? (4) In which countries were Trotsky, Darlan assassinated? (5) The assassination of Huey Long made headline news; who was he?

(*Answers on page 22*)

HERE is glorious Scarborough. You and a companion can enjoy a carefree holiday there as John Bull's guests this summer.

Blackpool, Torquay, Bournemouth, Prestatyn—Cooks Travel Service has reserved accommodation at those resorts, too, for winners of *Bullets* Cash-plus-Holiday prizes.

More thrilling still—enter the week's best effort and, to celebrate winning £300 cash, you will be invited to enjoy a 1,400-mile Free Holiday in Switzerland for Two. Already thirty-eight *Bullets* holidays have been won this year—you can win yours this week!

How to Make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

£300 FIRST PRIZE and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

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Third £25
3 of £10
5 cash prizes above each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO
6 HOLIDAY CHEQUES £5
50 of £1
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

PEACEFUL WORLD
COST OF LIVING
DEMOCRACY'S TORCH
AT OUR BEST
IN PLENTY
YOUTH OF BRITAIN
ESSENTIAL
LESSON FOR FRITZ
IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES
HERCULEAN EFFORT
AT HOME
NO FUN
WIZARD OF FINANCE
FEARING THE WORST
FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS
WHY SHE LEFT HIM
BIT OF A GAMBLE
DAD'S DREAM
LAUGHTER'S A TONIC, SO
TREAT FOR GRANDMA

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

SILENCED THE .....
EXCITING.....
LEAVE.....ALONE AND
DOESN'T WANT.....
DAILY .....
....TO BE PROUD OF

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

"Bullets" Result No. 1,571

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy: **Calls For Overalls — Not "Battle-dress," Mighty Atom.**

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: H. A. Dorrington, "Edgerley," Hurstpierpoint: **With More Trying — Restrictions Eliminated, More Trying.**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: W. T. Railton, 6 Quarry Mount, Ryhill, near Wakefield: **Lost Chance—Mourned—Whilst *Another* Passes!**

THREE PRIZES OF £10 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. B. Buckett, 41 Pembroke Avenue, Balby, Doncaster: **Squashed — Nazi "Fly" — But "Eggs"?** H. C. Southey, 15 Bull Royd Drive, Bradford: **Life's Hurdles—Removed *My* "Bushy Top."** W. Williams, 47 Charles Street, Tonypandy: **Worn-out Machinery—Provides Harley Street Limousines!**

SIX PRIZES OF £5: R. Holloway, 107 Tynypare Road, Rhiwbina, Cardiff: **Through The Night—Don't Go Through Day!** T. H. Newlove, 16 Prince's Avenue, Chester: **Dad's Budget—In Lap Of *Dogs*!** Mrs. S. MacCreanor, 81 Home Farm Road, Dublin, N.E.3: **In Russian Ways—Or In Russia's Way.** A. MacNab, "Tangong," Station Road, Newlongton, Preston: **Life's Hurdles—Small, Viewed From *Rocking-horse*.** G. W. Thompson, 10 Sandringham Avenue, Benton, Newcastle-on-Tyne: **Through The Night—"Tom" Disturbs My Utopia!** A. R. Tribe, 46 Winstanley Road, Portsmouth: **Spring In The Air—Reviving My Half-drowned Slugs!**

50 prizes of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have been posted to winners.

£100 and FINAL HAMPERS THIS WEEK

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 50 Big Hampers—one with each prize value £1 and over in this Crossword. Post Square by Mon., April 28, and look out for next week's big surprise.

Big Cheques Won

XWORD RESULT No. 523

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS: 1, Sayings. 6, Waiter. 9, Antics. 12, Shaw. 13, Rose. 14, Togs. DOWN: 1, Spur. 2, Gat. 3, Pear. 4, Boast. 5, Pin. 7, Talk. 8, Paper, 10, Saw. 11, Dips.

FOUR £500 SHARERS: Stoker R. Atkins, 141 Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6; Mrs. F. Beecroft, 75 The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; Miss D. M. Johnson, "Uplands," Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge; G. F. Tilbury, Hawthorn Farm, Gt. Missenden.

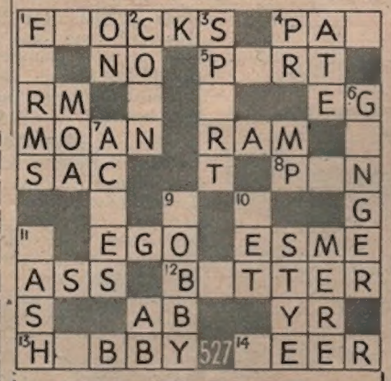
Runners-up award (value £50) shared between 37 entrants.

Across Clues XWORD 527

1. Cause of considerable concern to many parsons
4. It doesn't take a very hard knock to make a hole in poor this
5. Average parents don't like very young daughter to get this
8. It won't do any harm if you drop an old one
12. It's not good for an artist to get a liking for
13. A housewife has often little time for one
14. One has even been known to be pinched

Down Clues

1. Inefficient ones will have to do better
2. Doctor has special methods of extracting this
3. In this, speed is usually very important
6. You expect to find in jam sometimes
7. Average gardener doesn't concern himself much with
9. Englishman usually regards as a sport
10. Dispute about one is often settled out of court
11. Even successful painter finds this doesn't always come just as he likes it



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Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 10, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

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388

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BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

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Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Remedy Against Police

"THE POLICE CAME to my house while I was out and searched the place for two wireless sets which had been stolen. They found nothing. They told my wife that they had information that I had been trying to sell them and so they got the search warrant. What I want to know is whether I can compel the police to divulge the name of the person who lodged such information."

▸▸ If the police were carrying out their duty of investigating an allegation it is unlikely that you have any remedy against their action. They are not obliged to divulge the sources of their information.

Transfer of Tenancy

"A FRIEND OF MINE is going abroad to live. He has been told that he can sub-let his house to a blood relation for a year all but one day, and that the relation will automatically become the tenant. Is this true?"

▸▸ If a tenant sub-lets his whole house without the landlord's consent, the landlord can apply to court for possession. What your friend heard about sub-letting for a year all but a day has no foundation in fact.

House Bequest

"MY HUSBAND BOUGHT a house in 1922 and made a will leaving it to me and my daughter after my death. He sold the house, however, and bought another in which I am now living. Does the will he made in 1922 cover the present house which he bought a dozen years later?"

▸▸ If the first house was sold the bequest to you will be void, and you will not be entitled to the second house bought after the will was made. Your husband should either make a fresh will or add a codicil to the first which was made in 1922.

Approved Society Transfers

"IT WAS STATED IN JOHN BULL that a person cannot transfer from one approved society to another for National Health Insurance benefits. One of my assistants, however, did this some years ago. Can you inform me when the rule was altered?"

▸▸ Transfers between approved societies were suspended at the beginning of the war and such suspension continues. Power to suspend transfers was given by the provisions of the National Health Insurance and Contributory Pensions (Emergency Provisions) Act, 1939. They will not again be allowed, as under the National Insurance Act, 1946, approved societies will cease to administer when the new scheme is fully in operation.

Emigration to Brazil...

"I AM DUE TO BE released from the Army next summer. I should like to go and live with friends in Brazil. Would this be possible?"

▸▸ It is impossible to go to Brazil at the present time as all visas have been suspended. Things may be different when you are demobilized. Get into touch with the Brazilian Consulate - General, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2, so that you may be advised of any change in the situation.

...and to Rhodesia

"OFFER OF EMPLOYMENT and a home has reached me from a friend in Southern Rhodesia. I am keen to go, but I must confess to being ignorant of travel and should be grateful for some practical advice about how to get there."

▸▸ If you have assurance of employment and living accommodation in Southern Rhodesia, you should obtain a passport from the Passport Office (Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, London, S.W.1) and a berth from a shipping line. You inquire from the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co., 3 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. There are no assisted passages.

Tax Arrears

"MY SON DIED in 1943, and his postwar credits were transferred to my name. The income tax authorities say that at the time of his death he owed over £17. Since he paid his taxes by P.A.Y.E., how can he have owed all that money?"

▸▸ P.A.Y.E. did not come into operation until April, 1944. Under the system of collection in force at the time of your son's death tax was paid about ten months in arrear, so a substantial sum would almost certainly be owing at the time. The information you have received is probably quite correct and there is nothing you can do about it.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 21

WONDERS OF THE WORLD. (1) Pyramids. (2) Babylon's Gardens. (3) Mausolus. (4) Diana. (5) Colossus of Rhodes. (6) Jupiter. (7) Pharos. (8) Cyrus.

COMIC VERSE. (1) The ruler and religious head of a N.W. Indian state. (2) "But money gives me pleasure all the time." (3) Lewis Carroll. (4) "The dog it was that died." (5) "The unjust steals the just's umbrella."

INTRUDERS. (1) Switzerland; the others are islands. (2) Alexander is not a Tory. (3) *The Alchemist* was written by Ben Jonson, not Shakespeare. (4) Dominoes can be played by more than two people. (5) Margot Fonteyn is a ballet dancer, not a film star.

ASSASSINATIONS. (1) Matteotti. (2) That of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary at Sarajevo. (3) In 1934 Austrian Nazis invaded the Austrian Chancellery, put the Cabinet to flight, and murdered Dollfuss, the Chancellor. (4) Mexico; Algeria. (5) Corrupt rabble-rousing senator of Louisiana, U.S.A.

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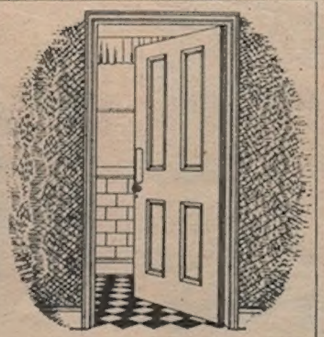

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In America, most women choose a lavatory cleanser made specially for the purpose. Already, in Britain, 5 out of 10 women do. Why? Because it cleans and disinfects the *whole* pan. Harpic does more than whiten and deodorize the bowl (the part you can *see*). It also sweeps round the S-bend at the back, where no brush can reach. Harpic leaves the whole pan sweet, clean and sanitary.

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